July 20, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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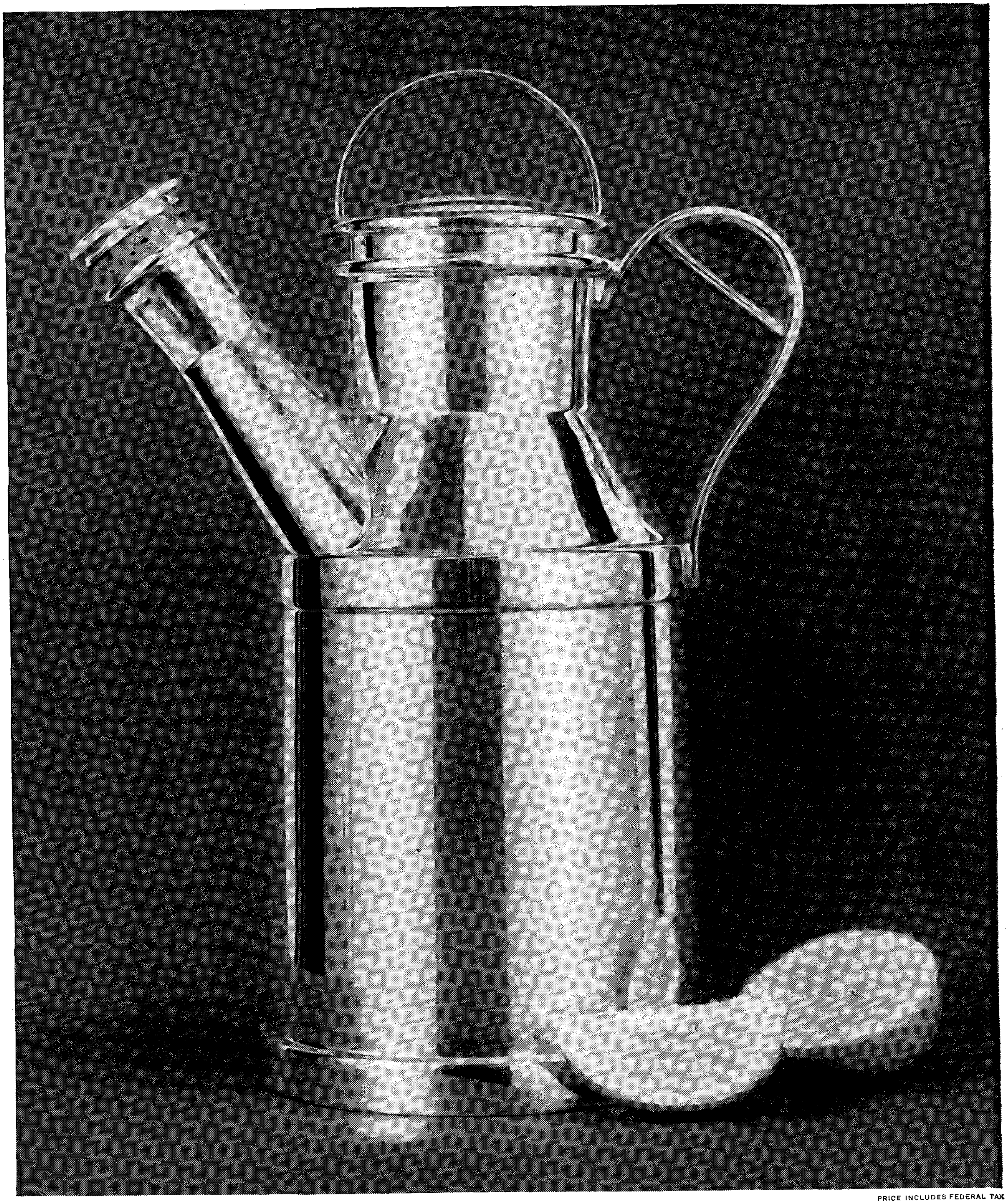

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

A Hole in the Head—Closed for eight weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Plymouth, 45th St., W., on Monday, Sept. 9.

Separate Tables—Closed for seven weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Music Box, 45th St., W., on Monday, Sept. 2.

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard is superlative in the leading role. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, Sibyl Bowan, and Edward Andrews also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—no time for sergeants: All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Royal Beal, Howard Freeman, and Tucker Ashworth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good, and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the welcome news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some lively songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. With Edith Adams, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Long Runs—damn yankees: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Devra Korwin is now the lady from Hell, Howard Caine her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Susan Johnson, and Jack Irwin are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison (Edward Mulhare fills in for him on Saturdays) and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, July 21: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, July 26: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Recital Hall—Haila Stoddard and Whitfield Connor in J. B. Priestley's "Ever Since Paradise." (Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 7-7460. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis, Roger Boxill, and Patricia Peardon. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Joseph Barr in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Renata Theatre—Leon Janney and Frances Sternhagen in "The Country Wife," William Wycherley's Restoration farce. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Pert Kelton. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—A musical revue with the Cab Calloway orchestra and a number of singers and dancers. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:45. Through Sunday, July 21.)

New York Summer Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. Robert Blackburn, Paul Stevens, Peggy Bennion, and Anne Meara head the cast. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Monday through Thursday, July 22-25, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 20: Robert Preston in "Inherit the Wind." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "The Boy Friend." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 20: Olsen and Johnson in "Hellz-a-Poppin." Monday

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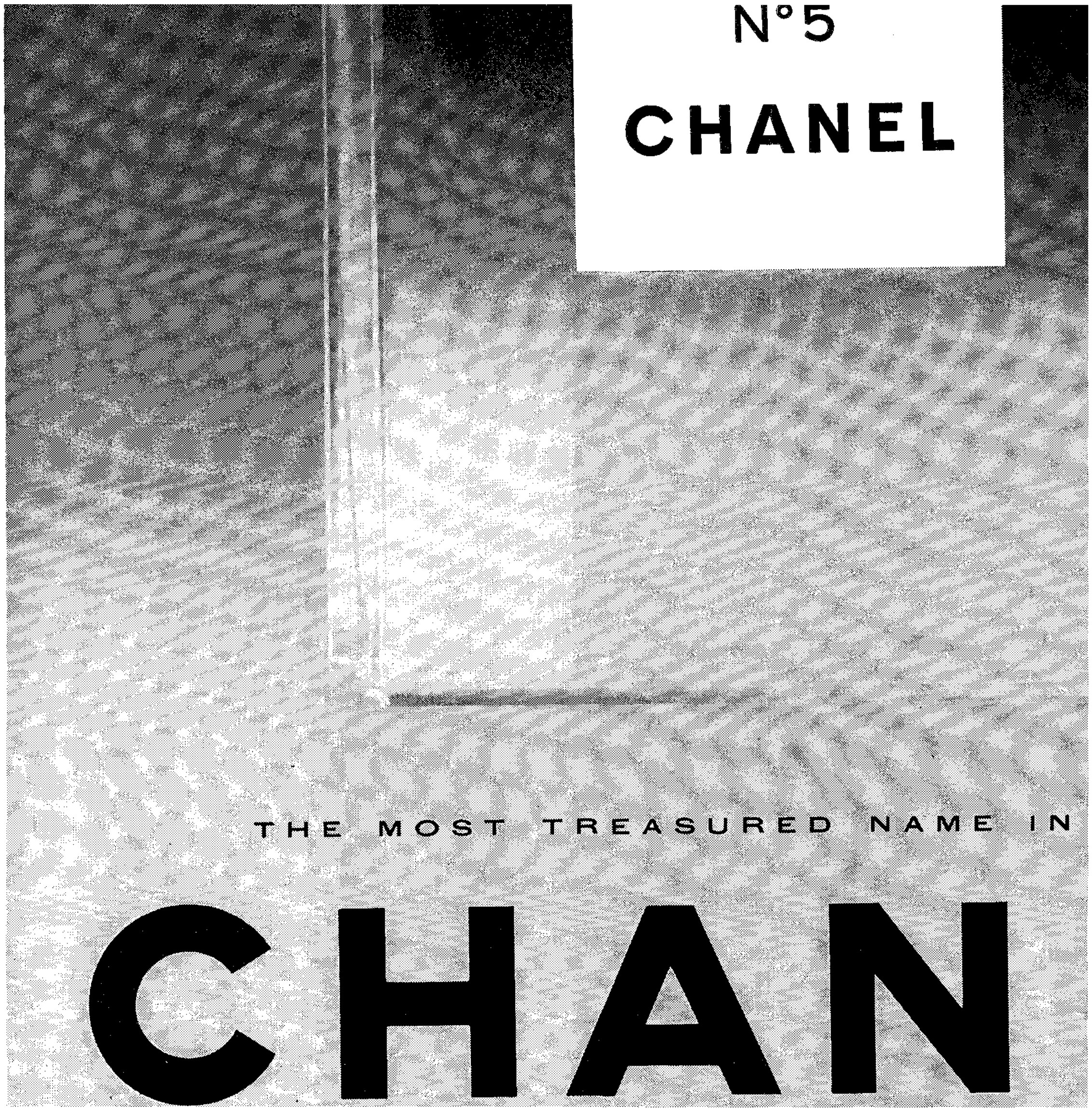
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CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN
CHAN

through Saturday, July 22-27: "Oklahoma!" (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Sunday, July 21: "Janus." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "The Reluctant Debutante." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 20: "Pipe Dream." Starting Monday, July 22: "The Pajama Game." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, July 22: "The Desk Set." Wednesday through Monday, July 24-29: "The Mousetrap." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 20: Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 20: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney in "The Old Maid." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CI 7-1381.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 20: Dennis King in "The Reluctant Debutante." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new play. (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 21: "The Desk Set." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "Gigi." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Sunday, July 21: "The Royal Family." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "The Desk Set." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 20: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "Brigadoon." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Saturday, July 20: George Jessel in "Show Time," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Victor Jory in "Holiday for Lovers." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 20: Faye Emerson in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Marilyn Maxwell in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 20: "The Barber of Seville." Wednesday through Saturday, July 24-27: "Rio Rita." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 28: "Plain and Fancy." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 21: "Plain and Fancy." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 20: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Pajama Game." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 20: "Iolanthe." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "The Mikado." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 20: Ruth Hussey in "The Desk Set." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "Brigadoon." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 21: "The Desperate Hours." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "Three Men on a Horse." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 20: Jack Cassidy in "The Mistress of the Inn," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "The Man Who Had All the Luck." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 20: Nancy Walker in "The Desk Set." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Dennis King in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 21: "Witness for the Prosecution." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "Susan Slept Here." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 27: "Craig's Wife." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Rye—Through Sunday, July 21: "Brigadoon." Starting Tuesday, July 23: "Wish You Were Here." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 20: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Celeste Holm in "Back to Methuselah." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 20: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Henry Morgan in "Father of the Bride." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 20: "The Great Sebastians." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "Time Limit!" (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Thursday evening, July 18; Saturday evening, July 20; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 24-25; and Saturday matinée, July 27.... ¶ "The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Friday evening, July 19; Saturday and Sunday matinées, July 20-21; Tuesday evening, July 23; Wednesday matinée, July 24; Friday evening, July 26; and Saturday evening, July 27. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call CI 7-3975.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 20: Constance Bennett in "Silk Stockings." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: Olsen and Johnson in "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Wilbur Evans and Bill Tabbert in "Fanny." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 20: Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson." Monday through Saturday, July 22-27: "With Respect to Joey," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. Robert Frost will read from his own works, in the first in a series of four poetry readings, on Thursday, July 18, at 3:30. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 21: "Desire Under the Elms." Tuesday through Sunday, July 23-28: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting its twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 20: Erik Bruhn and Sonia Arova, Iva Kitchell, and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. Tuesday through Saturday, July 23-27: The National Ballet of Canada. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

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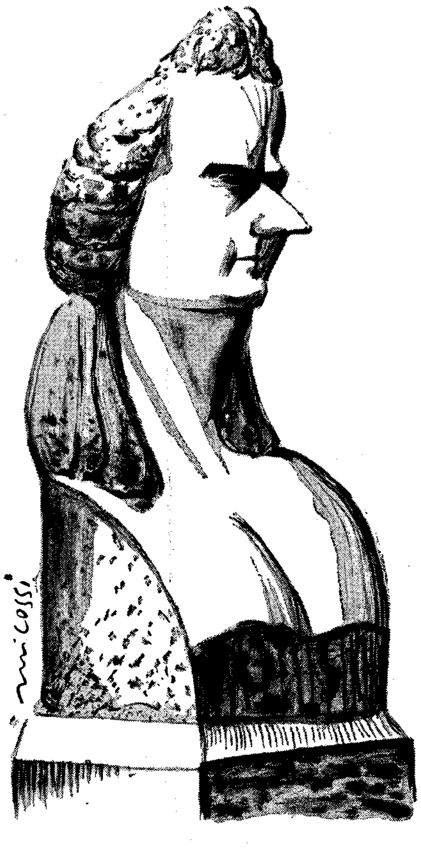

STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which resolutely refuses to be turned into an office building, goes its own sweet Park Avenue way with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The mixture as before—hot birds and cold bottles at midnight, fuss and feathers all the time. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe

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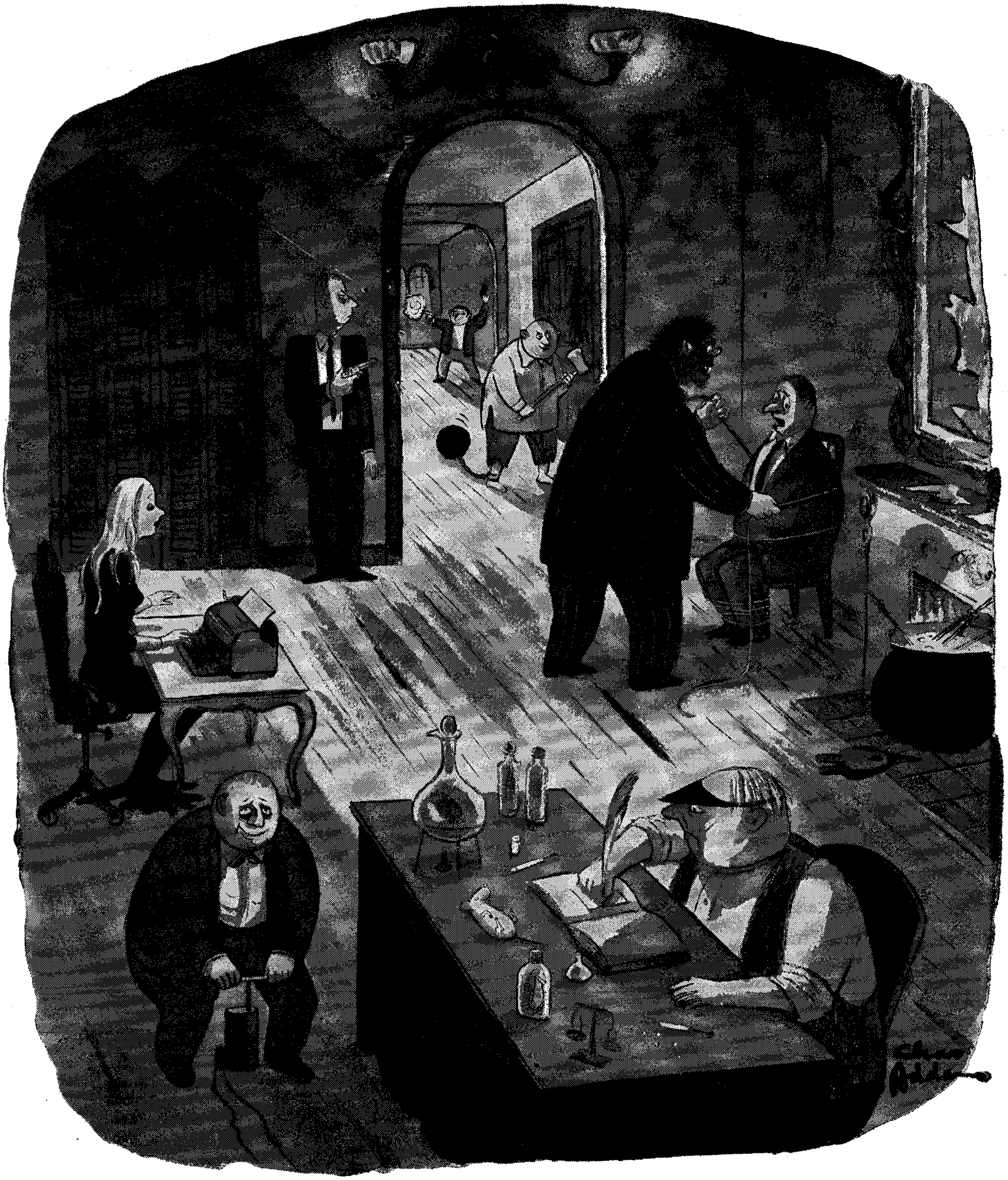

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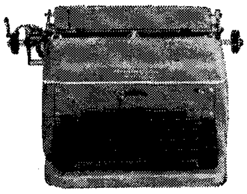

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad hour after hour. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the dance tunes are the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation. Except Sundays, Renato Rossini plucks a guitar that speaks of love more eloquently than words.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under this section of the vault of heaven, the only clouds are pink ones, and a nice match for the pretty girls in their summer dresses. Dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari is, of course, a permanent fixture. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—In what is left of our mountain greenery, and all open to the sky on rainless nights, there's dance music from dinnertime through supper by a couple of small bands, one Latin and one Manhattan.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof is at the summit of the Tower of Babel, now that Lionel Hampton, that old rogue elephant, and his booming bandsmen are barracked there. The cause for sweetness and light is championed by Diahann Carroll, whose songs make out a buoyant case for them. A gypsy orchestra makes dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's trio from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Roof's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a chalet that stands well above the smog line, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

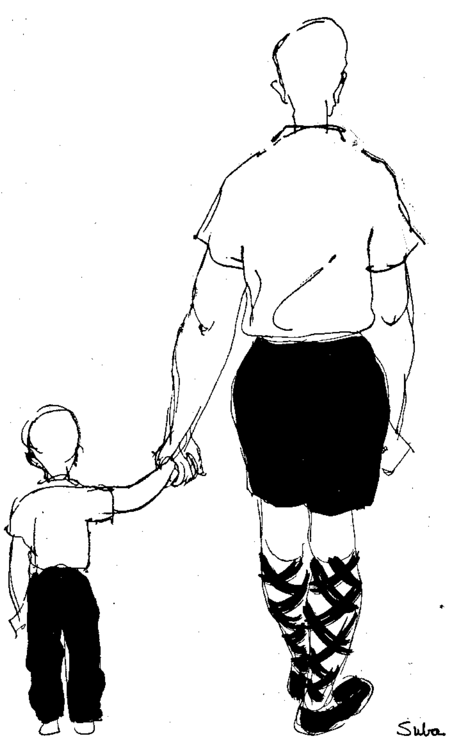
(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only racetrack clubhouse that's open all year. At one end of it, Kurt Maier plays piano the evening long. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Mostly old friends well met for a bite to eat, a bit of news, and a bunch of piano. Mr. Hawkins serves the two latter commodities in his hustle-and-bustle fashion; more sentimental keyboard études are supplied by his alter ego, Bill Taylor. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Teo Fanidi), which is in full force from dinnertime until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in this fashionable watering place from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A brace of first-rate mood musicians—Don Evans and Sam Hamilton—take turns at the piano in a cubbyhole built for two. Mr. H. starts at the cocktail hour, Mr. E. later on. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Fancy-free architects have had their way with this small but elaborate inn, where Fred Witmer plays piano at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Arthur's knights slept here. Now it's a refectory in which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): The Modern Museum never offered quite as tongue-in-cheek a display as do the walls of this gallery. For those with ears as well as eyes, there's the music of Lee Evans' trio, an up-to-date group that has Denzil Best on drums. It's on during the late-dinner and supper shift. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines, plus the after-dinner songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The kingpin (or queenpin) is Mae Barnes, who, with fire in her eyes and the bit in her teeth, shows how to hang, draw, and quarter a popular song. Also present are Carol Burnett, whose parodies of life on the television screen were written with a poison pen; T. C. Jones, whose transvestite burlesques of the upper-crust ladies of Hollywood amounts to Malice in Wonderland; and Mitzie Cottle, sweet girl graduate of Benny Goodman's band, who sings with vast enthusiasm. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements provide a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty has his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge; every night, from 2 to 4 A.M. there's a session by the Lyonses, too. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): As it was in Paris, so it is here—Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross, two little girls for whose far from idle hands the Devil has found plenty of mischief, once more collaborating on some lighthearted, not to say lightheaded, ballads. There is also Melita, a Cuban folk singer full of quiet charm, quiet aphorisms, and quiet joy. The setting is picturesque indeed. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, the most resonant of our double bassoons, and Jimmie Komack, who talks to himself for days in his bemused way, are going on holiday Sunday, July 21. The dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys, will stay put. Closed Mondays. On Tuesday, July 23, Charlie Manna, whose humor is all private stock, will be joining up. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Though some of her ballads are little gems of emotional crisis, Felicia Sanders is always the voice of experience, flexibility, and taste. The room is an *omnium-gatherum*. Dancing on a two-by-four floor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who rarely have a serious moment. Both are off Sundays, when old movies are added.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

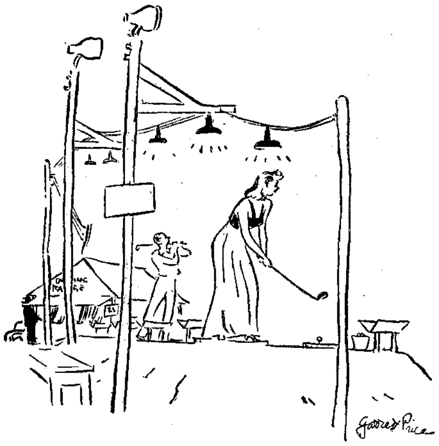
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): You can't always tell the players' thoughts even with a score card, for the Modern Jazz Quartet has twinges of extreme introspection, but there is substance as well as shadow in their labors. On Sundays, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert with commentary by Jean Shepherd, bellwether of the disc-jockey hypnotists, and music by the incumbent musicians. The room is closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): At times, when a couple of baseball teams have come in to break training, even the sturdy caterwauling of Jonah Jones' quartet is apt to go unnoticed. Betty Miller's trio, on its first urban outing, is the party of the second part. Sundays, when these hired hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris (the brothers whose music fascinated Helen of Troy) are still being their steadfast American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, Sonny White, and Wilbur Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the back room, music of today, tomorrow, and the day after is made practically at your table by the trios of two valuable imports—England's Marian McPartland and France's Bernard Peiffer, both of them deft hands at a piano. The Peiffers are off duty on Sundays, the McPartlands on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano abstractionist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The tensest of all listeners gather here, their ears glued to the unbridled keening of Maynard Ferguson's big post-Kenton band and the gentler but still streamlined musings of Phineas Newborn, Jr., and his foursome. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy

Taylor, the very model of a modern major progressive, plays piano at the head of his trio, which sets to inside the oval bar at around ten. Absolute silence on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Eddie Heywood, whose rhythm is as unchanging as the seasons, presides over his piano and his trio in circumstances comfortable for both himself and the customers. Closed Sundays.... **LOWER BASIN STREET,** 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6000): The management of the lamented Basin Street in a new smokehouse but with old favorites, such as Teddy Wilson, survivor and ardent defender of the great days of swing, and Kai Winding, a prominent exponent of the new era, and his six loyal mates. On Thursday, July 25, Gene Krupa's quartet and Les Jazz Modes will replace both groups. Closed Mondays.... **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The name of the most recent entry in New York's apparently permanent jazz festival indicates the mood of the music on display, though the stuff comes from San Francisco instead of New Orleans, being the carefully organized work of Turk Murphy's thoroughgoing septet, foremost citizens of the Golden Gate. There is piano by Hal Thornton, Bourbon in flavor, between sets. On Sundays, when the Murphys lay off, a bunch of visitors indulge in group play.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Empire City Six, late of Trenton, New Jersey, and imbued with the spirit of the Old South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily bring the house down. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz music that's a form of ancestor worship, or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, the noise will probably be made by the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are conducted in a tongue that sometimes resembles modern American and sometimes simply passeth all understanding. At the moment, the communicants are probably the quintet operated by Miles Davis, and the Randy Weston trio, the latter of which will very likely be replaced on Monday, July 22, by Cannonball Adderley's vigorous quintet. It is absolutely definite, though, that the place is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). ... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays.... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). ... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); Thursdays through Saturdays, the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon; closed Mondays.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. ... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Aug. 30. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Sol Wilson; through Aug. 30. ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by Margit Beck, Stephen Csoka, and others from the tenth annual travelling exhibition, plus sculptures by Lily Ente, Winslow Eaves, and others; through Aug. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Aug. 30.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans, including William Kienbusch, Karl Schrag, and Joe Lasker; through July 31.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through Friday, July 26.... **REHN,** 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawings by Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others; through Friday, July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Green, and Manolo Pascual are three of the participants in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation of paintings and sculptures; through Aug. 23.... **ZABRISKIE,** 32 E. 65th St.: An exhibition entitled "The City, 1900-30," comprising works by George Bellows, John Sloan, and others; through July 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Graphics by Gabor Peterdi, William Scott, Marino Marini, and others; through July 31.... **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Albert Gleizes, Oskar Kokoschka, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other painters; through Friday, July 19. (Thursday and Friday, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Clavé, Jansem, Tom Fogarty, and others; through Friday, July 26. ... **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by, among others, Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30.... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Aug. 30.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

SUMMER INTERNATIONAL—An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Aug. 30. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others.... ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman; through Sept. 1.... ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by, among others, Gauguin, Renoir, and Modigliani; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Pierre Soulages, Joan Miró, Joseph Glasco, and others; through Aug. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: The eleventh annual jury show, consisting of works in all mediums; through Aug. 15. (Daily, 1 to 6.) ... **MANCHESTER, N.H.** Currier Gallery of Art: An exhibition entitled "Twentieth Century Sculpture" includes objects by Picasso, Brancusi, Manzù, and others; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) ... **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Works in various mediums by contemporary American artists; through July 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) ... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: The thirty-seventh annual national exhibition, containing oils, water colors, caseins, and pastels by Aldro Hibbard, Gordon Grant, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) ... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** HCE Gallery: Milton Avery, Fritz Bultman, Jack Tworkov, and others; starting Friday, July 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6 and 8 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6 and 8 to 10.) ... **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Art Museum: A retrospective of the paintings of William Merritt Chase; through Saturday, July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 18: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers.... ¶ Saturday, July 20: Alfredo Antonini conducting a pro-

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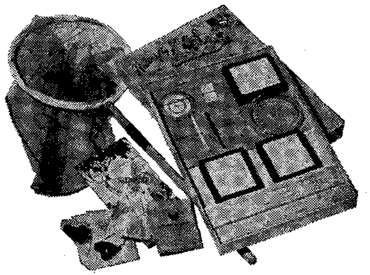

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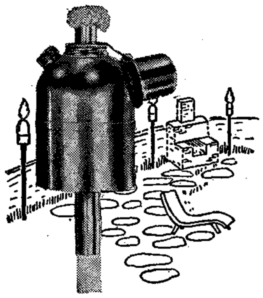

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gram of Italian music, with Eileen Farrell and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Richard Torigi, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, July 22: Max Rudolf conducting a concert version of Bizet's "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano; Laurel Hurley, soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and Robert McFerrin, baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 23: Max Rudolf conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24: Max Rudolf conducting, with Henri Deering, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25: Franz Allers conducting, with Marais and Miranda, folk singers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Franz Allers conducting a program of show music, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Frank Porretta, tenor; and Martial Singher, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 3. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16. Lehman Engel will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 21.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with soloists. The third in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 20, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 19, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Samuel Mayes, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting a Koussevitzky Memorial Concert, with Isaac Stern, violin; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Berkshire Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 8:30: A program of chamber music by the Kroll String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Berlioz program, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing a performance of Berlioz's opera "L'Enfance du Christ," in concert form, with Florence Kopleff, contralto; Cesare Valletti, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Berkshire Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 20, at 4: Marais and Miranda. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 8:40: Lionel Hampton and his band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 8:40: Calypso night. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 4: The Eva Jessye Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8:40: Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, July 19-20: William Warfield, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27: Isaac Stern, violin. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Donald Bryant directing the Columbus Boychoir on Friday, July 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra on Saturday, July 20, at 8:30 (with Leonid Hambro, piano); Sunday, July 21, at 3 (with Aaron Rosand, violin); Tuesday, July 23, at 8:30 (with Mischa Mischakoff, violin; Frederick Wilkins, flute; and Mr. Hendl, piano); Wednesday, July 24, at 8:30 (an all-Gershwin concert, with Leonid Hambro, piano); and Saturday, July 27, at 8:30 (with Laszlo Varga, cello). (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Symphony of the Air—Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: Leopold Stokowski directing Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum" and Orff's "Carmina Burana," with Uta Graf, soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Philip Maero, baritone; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 8:30: Laszlo Halasz directing Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra," with Virginia Copeland and Ellen Faull, sopranos, and other soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Another performance of "Canticum Sacrum" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 8:30: Morton Gould conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: Fausto Cleva directing Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," with Elaine Malbin, soprano, and David Poleri, tenor. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8:30: Laszlo Halasz conducting, with a ballet group headed by the Hungarian dancers Vera Pasztor and Erno Vashegyi. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Another performance of "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 3:30: Remo Bolognini conducting, with Stanley Babin, piano, and Julian Olevsky, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8:30: Another performance of "Madame Butterfly." (Ellenville, N.Y. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire String Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

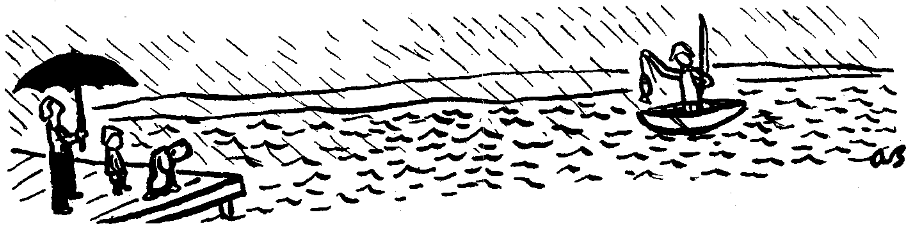
SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Chamber music — Friday, July 19 (a performance primarily for children), and Saturday, July 20: The New York Brass Ensemble and the New Art Woodwind Quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: The Claremont String Quartet. (Pittsfield, Mass. Afternoons at 3.)

GREAT SOUTH BAY JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, July 19, at 8:30: A group led by Rex Stewart and Coleman Hawkins, another by Horace Silver, and songs by Maxine Sullivan. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 3:30: The Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop, Billy Taylor's trio, and the Lawson-Haggart Dixieland Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: A reunion (as far as possible) of the Fletcher Henderson band, with Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams, J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Morton, Coleman Hawkins, Don Redman, and Buster Bailey, plus Buck Clayton's Kansas City Six. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: The Miles Davis quintet, a group headed by Marian and Jimmy McPartland and Bud Freeman, and songs by Annie Ross. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 7:30: A reprise by the Stewart, Mingus, and Lawson-Haggart groups. (Timber Grove Club, Great River Rd., Great River, L.I.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, July 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 19, at 8; Saturday, July 20, at 2; and Sunday, July 21, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, July 19, at 8; Saturday, July 20, at 2; and Sunday, July 21, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, July 23, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, July 26, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 27, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Ty Cobb, Lefty Gomez, and other major-league stars of past years, will start at 1:30).

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Manor Country Club, Washington, D.C. Through Saturday, July 20.) . . . ¶ National P.G.A. Championship. (Miami Valley Golf Club,



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Dusting Powder
Yardley

Doll by Madame Alexander

Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

To make you feel so fresh and feminine YARDLEY dusting powder... of course

Red Roses
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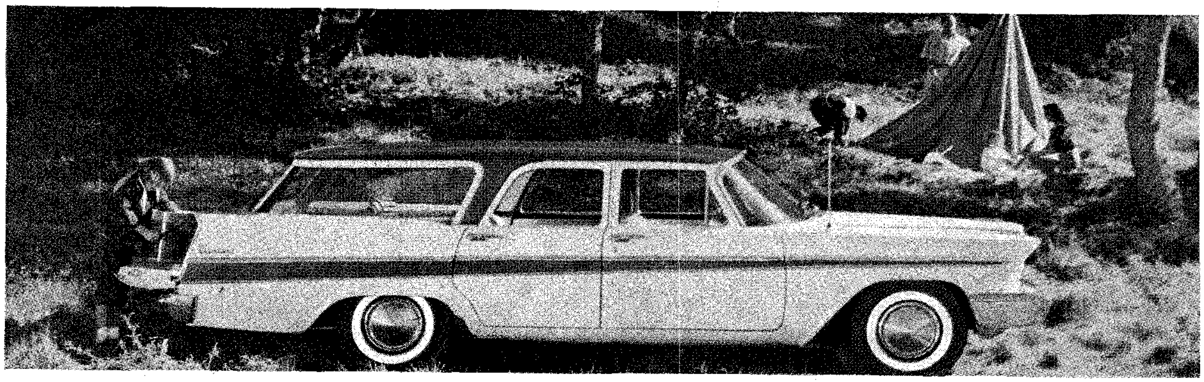
The freshest, most feminine thing you can slip into after a bath or shower is a fragrant cloud of Yardley dusting powder. Fluff it on with its own big velvet puff to smooth your skin, to scent it delicately ... delightfully! It's a wonderful basic way to capture the fresh, feminine feeling that only Yardley can give you. Choose from five delightful fragrances—April Violets, Bond Street, Red Roses, Lavender, Lotus. Generous box, $1.85 plus tax.

PERFORMANCE is another reason—wherever you go

THE SWITCH IS ON

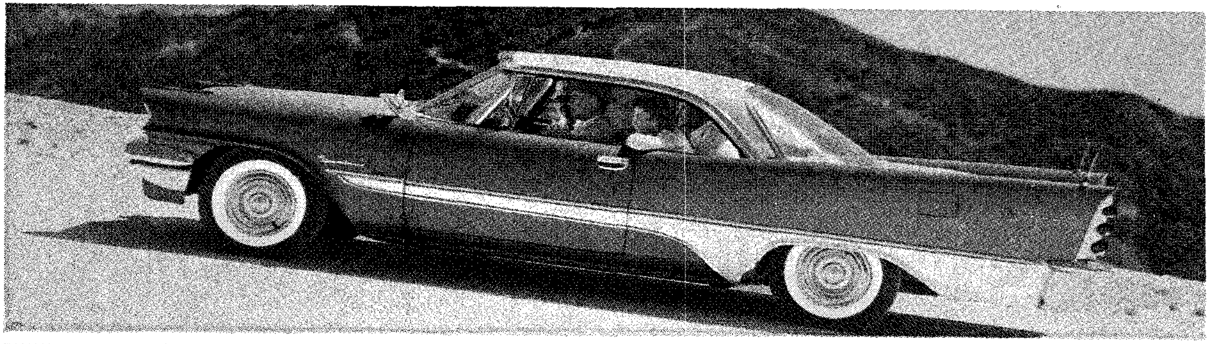
TO THE ALL-NEW CARS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

HIT THE TRAIL in a PLYMOUTH Sport Suburban—see why people are switching to Chrysler Corporation cars. Here's glamour and handling ease unmatched in the low-price field, with *more room* than in rival wagons!

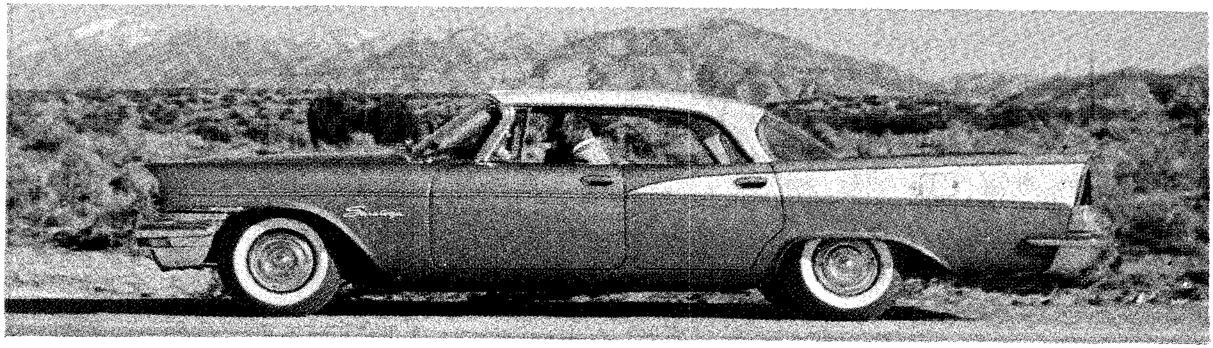


GO TO THE BEACH—you'll see proof of America's enthusiasm for The New Shape of Motion. In this DODGE CUSTOM ROYAL LANCER convertible are the low, full-finned lines that telegraph the dash and drama of *high performance.*

IN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, people rate TorqueFlite the greatest among automatic drives! This DE SOTO FIREFLITE 2-door Sportsman offers a sample of smooth effortless *pushbutton* power. Its big V-8 gives *greater* power *longer.*



CROSS-COUNTRY travel takes in rough roads, but with Torsion-Aire Ride *you don't feel them!* Torsion-Aire is standard equipment on all Chrysler Corporation cars—like this CHRYSLER SARATOGA 4-door hardtop.



WHEREVER you go, you'll have the pleasure of driving the year's economy winners! Chrysler Corporation cars took top honors in *every class* in the Mobilgas Economy Run. At right: IMPERIAL, which won the sweepstakes award, too!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION ➣ THE *FORWARD* LOOK

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

Dayton, Ohio. Through Sunday, July 21.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Southward Ho Country Club, Bayshore, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 18-21.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Elmira Country Club, Elmira, N.Y. Wednesday through Sunday, July 24-28.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Leewood Golf Club, Tuckahoe. Thursday and Friday, July 25-26.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Great American, Monday, July 22, and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 7. The New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 24, and the Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 27. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS—Richard Gonzales, Frank Sedgman, Dinny Pails, Tony Trabert, Ken Rosewall, Francisco Segura, Lewis Hoad, and Jack Kramer. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Thursday, July 18, and Saturday and Sunday, July 20-21. Matches begin at 2.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:15.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

YACHTING—Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday through Sunday, July 19-21.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, July 20, through Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 20, through Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Bar Harbor Regatta. (Bar Harbor, Maine. Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. Saturday and Sunday, July 27-28.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next couple of months; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

MAYFLOWER II—The replica of the Pilgrim's ship that recently crossed the Atlantic Ocean is now on display here, along with a model Pilgrim village and various related exhibits. (Pier 81, W. 41st St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 10:30, and Sundays, noon to 10:30; through Nov. 15.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Vapor trails high in the sky will remind you that the 707 is flying its proving runs. Soon these fine planes, the first American jet transports, will be coming off the production lines. American Airlines will be the first to offer jet air travel in the United States. Early in 1959 American will use the 707's on transcontinental Mercury service. AA AMERICAN AIRLINES *America's Leading Airline*

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, it is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Andy Griffith is the diverting protagonist of this account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture is pretty superficial, but it moves briskly enough until it starts skidding into Grade B nonsense at its climax. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 24, tentative.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim in a droll English romp having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lust for Life—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with a lot of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is also right up to the mark. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting July 24, tentative.)

The Red Balloon—In this charming fantasy, written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than the half hour it takes to unravel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 23, tentative.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. The picture is full of sharp passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Sweet Smell of Success—The most conspicuous characters in this movie about some denizens of Broadway are a megalomaniacal gossip columnist and the slimy press agent who acts as his stooge. They make an unsavory team, and the picture builds up several dramatic moments in describing their efforts to prevent the columnist's sister from marrying an honest guitar player. Put together by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman, the picture was directed by Alexander Mackendrick. Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis lead a competent cast. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

EXIT
EXI
Kenneth

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—An inspector from Scotland Yard pursues a murderous safe-cracker in this English film, which never gets as clamorous as the usual movie story of cops and robbers at their work but is still very interesting in its description of police methods. Jack Hawkins is stalwart as the inspector, and John Stratton, Richard Leech, and Dorothy Alison are commendable in supporting roles. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Torero!—Luis Procuna, the eminent bullfighter, in the story of his own life, the details of which make fascinating stuff. A Mexican film (with a commentary in English), in which Señor Procuna proves himself as formidable an actor as he is a toreador. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

12 Angry Men—In this more than usually successful adaptation to the movies of a television show, an oddly assorted group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Written by Reginald Rose and directed by Sidney Lumet, the picture has a fine cast headed by Henry Fonda. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 24, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "The Tramp," "Triple Trouble," and "Shanghaied," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 23-24.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 24.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through July 20: "La Chienne" (1931), directed by Jean Renoir. . . . ¶ July 21: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ July 22-24: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932), directed by Jean Renoir. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Beau James," Bob Hope, Vera Miles.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through July 23: "The Delicate Delinquent," Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.
From July 24: "Night Passage," James Stewart, Audie Murphy.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Silk Stockings," Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

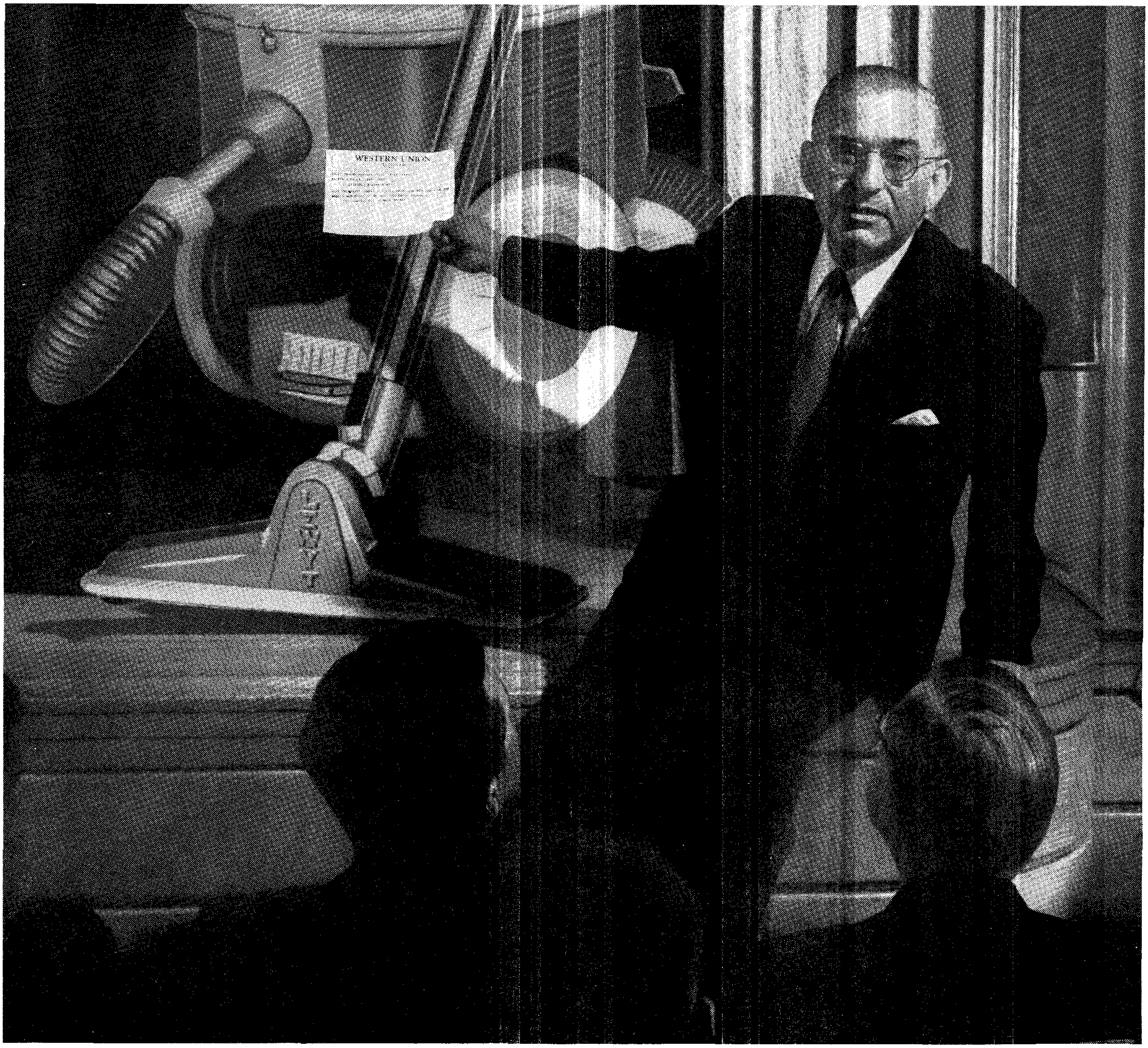
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
July 18: "Island in the Sun," James Mason, Joan Fontaine.
From July 19: "An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Hatful of Rain," Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.



Alex Lewyt, President, Lewyt Corporation, as photographed by Arnold Newman

Alex Lewyt cleans up 102,318 orders in one day with telegrams

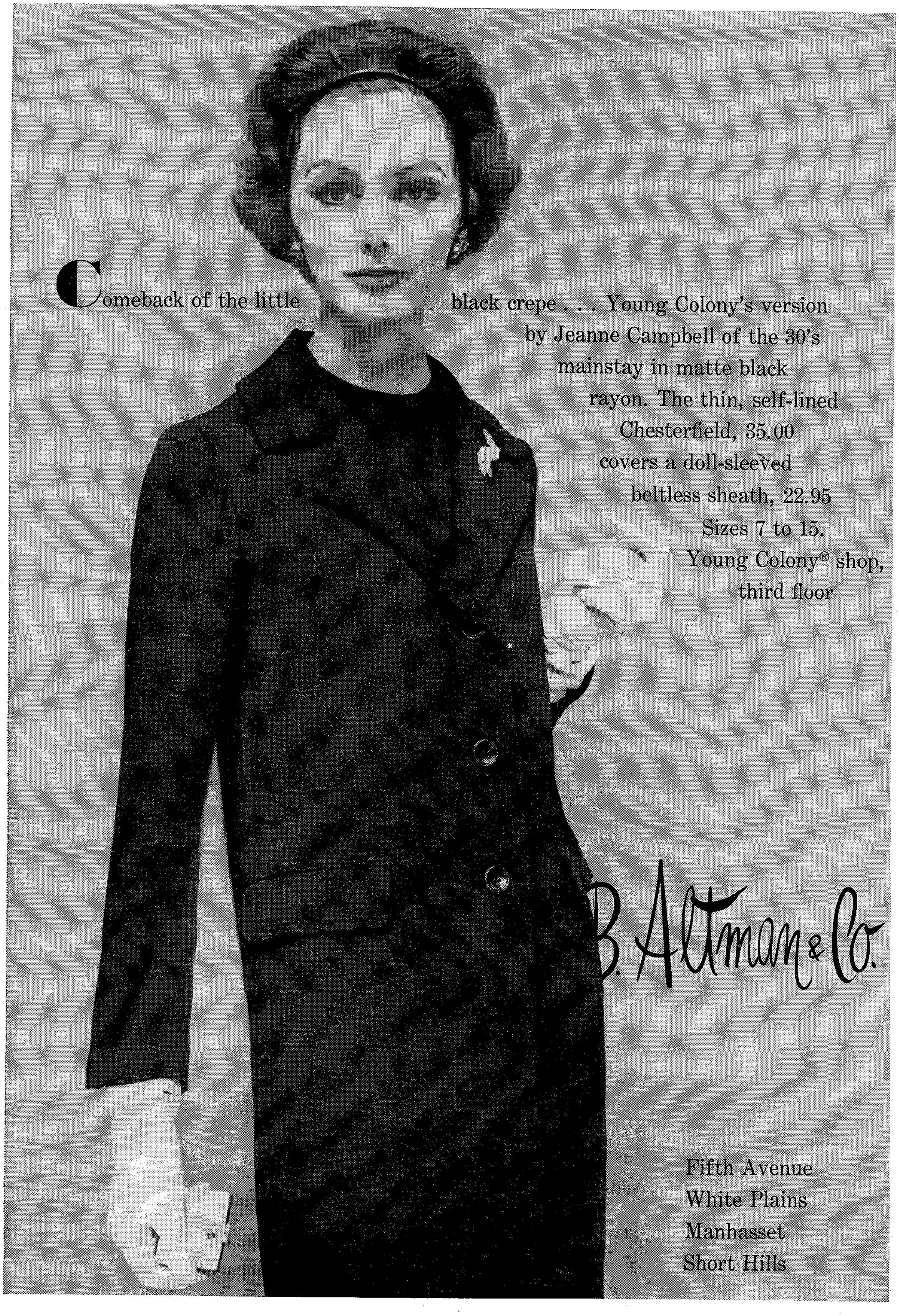
"When the Lewyt big wheel vacuum cleaner was unveiled at our sales meeting," says Alex Lewyt, "response was tremendously favorable. Distributors were excited—wanted to get the news to our dealers immediately. We agreed—but we also wanted to get *orders* fast to plan our production schedule. So telegrams making the announcement and asking for orders by wire were sent simultaneously to thousands of dealers. Back came an avalanche of orders—*102,318 of them in less than 24 hours!*"

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION ...

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!



Comeback of the little black crepe . . . Young Colony's version by Jeanne Campbell of the 30's mainstay in matte black rayon. The thin, self-lined Chesterfield, 35.00 covers a doll-sleeved beltless sheath, 22.95 Sizes 7 to 15. Young Colony® shop, third floor

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TOTING an old Brownie No. 2-A, we went up to Lewisohn Stadium the other evening to attend an affair billed as the Stadium Concerts' Annual Camera Night. The idea behind S.C.A.C.N. at Lewisohn is to afford amateur photographers an opportunity to run amuck in recording, for prizes, such things as panoramic views of the Stadium, closeups of an audience listening to a symphony orchestra, candid shots of musicians at work, and studies of entranced young lovers holding hands to the sweet airs of Mendelssohn. Sponsored by Stadium Concerts, Inc., and Photographic Fair, Ltd., a local camera shop, S.C.A.C.N. gives amateur photographers a chance to win all sorts of things, from an Argus C-3 camera, case, and flash gun to two cases of Sylvania Blue Dot flash bulbs. We got this intelligence at Lewisohn, before the concert, from a lady named Miss Alix Williamson, a Stadium executive, who concluded her talk about the contest by informing us that in 1955 a still-life of a beer bottle propped against a pillar had won first prize. "Everybody, but everybody, has an equal chance," said Miss Williamson. "Follow me." She led us to a table in front of the stage, and we settled back to listen to Alexander Smallens lead the Stadium Symphony Orchestra through Prokofieff's Symphony in D Major, Opus 25. Mr. Smallens had his group going strong in the fourth movement when we were joined by Miss Williamson's husband, Joseph Lippman, who announced that getting to the Stadium had left him a trifle worn. He was shushed by some nearby music lovers. "I'm a nut for Prokofieff," he went on, in a whisper, "but what I'm thinking about now is a nice cold beer." Mr. Smallens, *molto vivace*, wound up the Prokofieff symphony, and Miss Williamson and her husband joined us in a beer.

The wind was rising in the east, and eight American flags above the stage stiffened in the breeze. "What a spot for Sousa!" said Mr. Lippman.

We glanced around the Stadium and noted several small flashes of light. "The photographers are going right to it," we observed to Miss Williamson.

"Those are people lighting cigarettes," she said coldly. "But now I see Joseph and Lucille Hackel are going to get things started. They're the Photographic Fair people, you know." Mr. and Mrs. Hackel did indeed get things started, Mr. Hackel flashing away to the north, Mrs. Hackel to the south. Enormously energetic, they dashed about like fireflies, using gross after gross of Sylvania Blue Dot flash bulbs, the brand name being supplied for us by Mrs. Hackel, who dropped one of the bulbs on our head. "Sorry," said Mrs. Hackel, in passing. We told her to think nothing of it, but by that time she was out of earshot.

Two good-looking children—a boy and a girl—at an adjoining table, supervised by a blond lady in a white coat with an ermine collar, unsheathed an impressive camera with a flash-bulb attachment.

"Those are the children of Harold Cone, our soloist this evening," said Miss Williamson. "The boy is called John and the girl is called Clari. John's twelve, I think, and Clari's nine, and they're mad about photography."

Clari picked up the camera, and John leaned back morosely. "I'll take the first ones," said Clari firmly.

Several camera fans began to encroach upon our section.

"Under the rules," said Miss Williamson, "they're supposed to stay put until the end of the concert. After that, the orchestra will play a special number for them, so that they can photograph the orchestra from any angle."

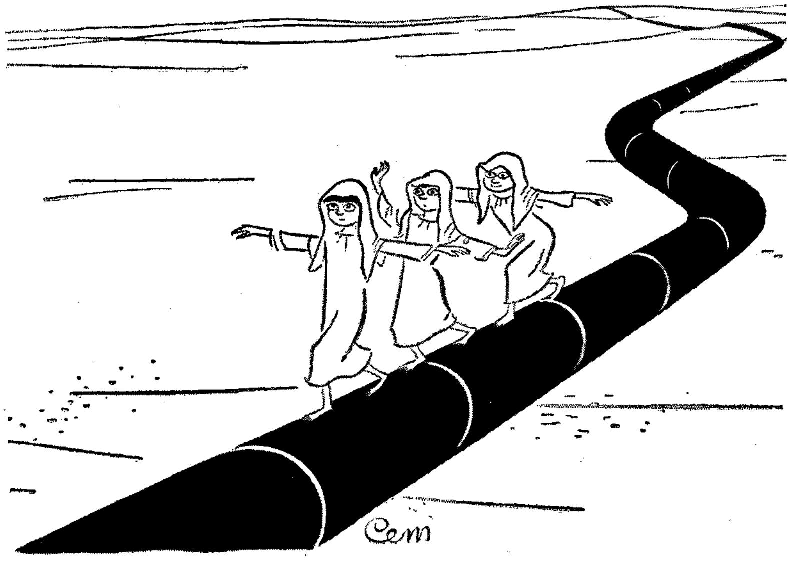
Mr. Cone appeared onstage. While he and the orchestra were limbering up—Mr. Cone at the piano—Miss Williamson said that the one thing she was missing was Dr. I. W. Schmidt. "My!" she went on. "The wind is really kicking up, isn't it? I can always tell when the wind is going to cut up by watching that awning over the refreshment booth on the south side of the Stadium."

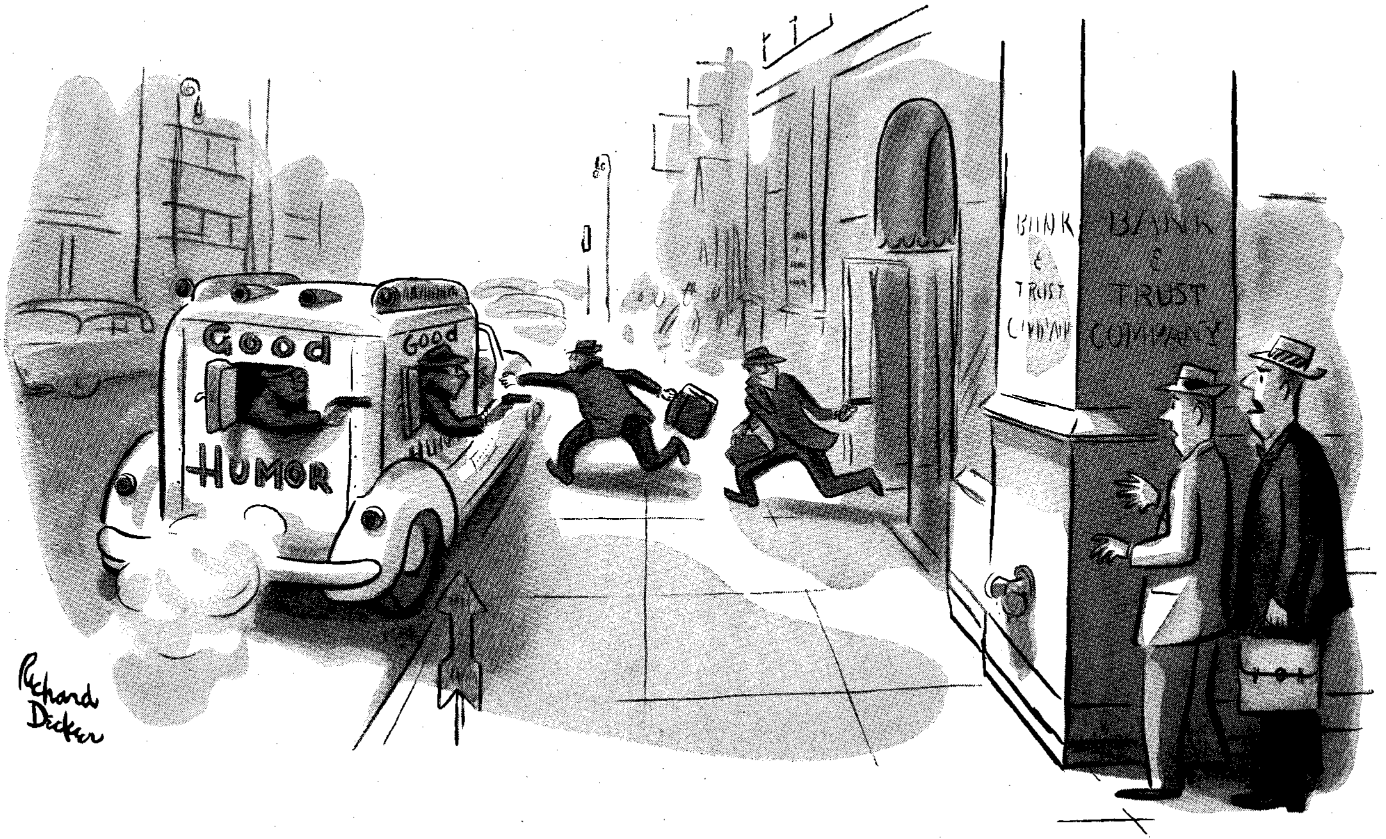
"Now, this Dr. Schmidt—" we began. Our voice was lost in the breeze.

"Look at that awning flap!" said Miss Williamson, who, owing perhaps to long sessions at the Stadium, has a formidable set of pipes.

"Who's Schmidt?" we hollered.

"Oh, Dr. Schmidt," said Miss Williamson, her voice still carrying





"Damn few things are sacred nowadays."

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well. "He's a retired dentist in his seventies who is a kind of professional amateur photographer. He always wins something in these contests."

Mr. Cone began, amid innumerable flashes, to line out a Beethoven concerto, and his daughter moved in carefully upon him and took a couple of shots.

After Mr. Cone had completed his stint with Beethoven, and Mr. Smallens with some Sibelius and Berlioz, swarms of camera enthusiasts climbed up on the stage. The orchestra played its closing number over again for them, and finally Mr. Cone reappeared and sat down at the piano for them. While he did several impressive velocity exercises, they snapped and snapped. We took a picture of him with our Brownie, but it came out fuzzy.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The French Church of the Saint-Esprit, on East Sixtieth Street, is flanked on the west by a gift shop called Temptations and on the east by a restaurant called Le Veau D'Or.

Arms and Aphrodite

THE latest of a long series of archeologists' theories as to the original position of the missing arms of the Venus of Milo—or, to give her her proper Greek name, the Aphrodite of Melos—is that of Elmer G. Suhr, associate professor of classics at the University of Rochester. Having devoted the past two years to looking into the subject, in the course of which he delivered a number of well-attended lectures on it to professional and lay audiences in the Rochester area, Professor Suhr is convinced that the Aphrodite was originally carved in the attitude, but without the implements, of a woman spinning flax or wool. His thesis on his research hasn't yet been published, but various learned colleagues of his have expressed interest in what they have heard of his findings, and when the Professor was in town recently on a research trip, we went up to the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, on West Fifty-third Street, where he had borrowed an office, to have a talk with him. We found him a dapper man in his early fifties, with a small mustache, who was wearing a pepper-and-salt suit and a red tie, and who fixed us with a piercing eye. Immediately we wrested from him the confession that, like so many people's absorbing interest in the female form, his in the Aphrodite's had begun accidentally. "I had been studying the classical significance of spinning long before I began studying her," said the Professor. "You see, the goddess Aphrodite wasn't an original Greek creation; she came from the East, by way of Mesopotamia, Syria, and, ultimately, Cyprus. Well, according to Plutarch and Diodorus, the Mesopotamians had some knowledge that the moon's shadow, cast on the earth by the sun, was cone-shaped. They put cone-shaped objects in the walls of their cities; nobody knows why for sure, but I maintain it was to invoke the moon and bring fertility. Gradually, the fertility symbol changed from a cone to a spindle. We find Mesopotamian carvings of a goddess as an anthropomorphic spindle. Fertility again. Now along comes Aphrodite, who was conceived of as very close to the moon and capable of forming a distaff of clouds and spinning the thread of life out of hot air and clouds. It was supposed to come to the earth in the form of rain. What could be more natural than for the goddess of fertility, and a lady known to be a skilled spinner, to be spinning?"

Nothing, we said. Professor Suhr nodded, handed us several photographs of Greek vases on which Aphrodite is shown in what he described as a spinning posture—left arm raised to hold the distaff, right arm extended downward to twirl the spindle—and, getting to his feet, assumed the spinning posture himself. "Notice the slight swelling of the muscles of my left shoulder," he said, glaring at us. “Dr. Sidney Mauer, of the Rochester Medical School, with whom I have consulted at length, points out that the Aphrodite has exactly the same swelling. Greek sculpture in the second century B.C. was highly naturalistic anatomically, so we must assume that her left arm was raised at a right angle to her body. Right arm: extended down, Mauer says; slightly bulging chest muscle. Right shoulder: bent downward and forward, as it would be in spinning.” Releasing his distaff arm by executing a left hook, Professor Suhr abandoned the spinning posture, sat down, and said, “Next, her facial expression, which is characterized by a pleasant, happy contentment, like a goddess in the process of creative activity. That expression was also characteristic of all housewives when spinning, because they were so familiar with the process they didn’t have to pay any attention to it. Like running a washing machine. That takes care of that. Finally, she has bare feet, an attribute of all classical rainmakers.”

Professor Suhr then showed us photographs of several well-known restorations of the Aphrodite, including one in which her left hand, with an apple in it, rests on top of a pillar at waist height; one in which her arms are roughly in the spinning position but her hands are holding wreaths; one in which she holds a spear; and one in which she stands in a sort of rumba posture with her husband, Ares. “Much has been made by certain Victorian scholars of the fact that her draperies appear to be slipping down,” he remarked. “I will state positively that she is *not* grasping her clothes.” We asked the Professor if he found the Aphrodite attractive, and he shrugged elaborately. “As she stands, of course, she’s very much off balance,” he said. “She’s beautiful, but she’s not the most breathtaking thing in the world. Her beauty has been absurdly exaggerated by romantic fellows like Heine and Rodin. Right now, I’m on my way up to the Hayden Planetarium to consult with some astronomers on exactly how much the Mesopotamians could have known about that cone-shaped moon shadow. I’ll pin this thing down yet.”

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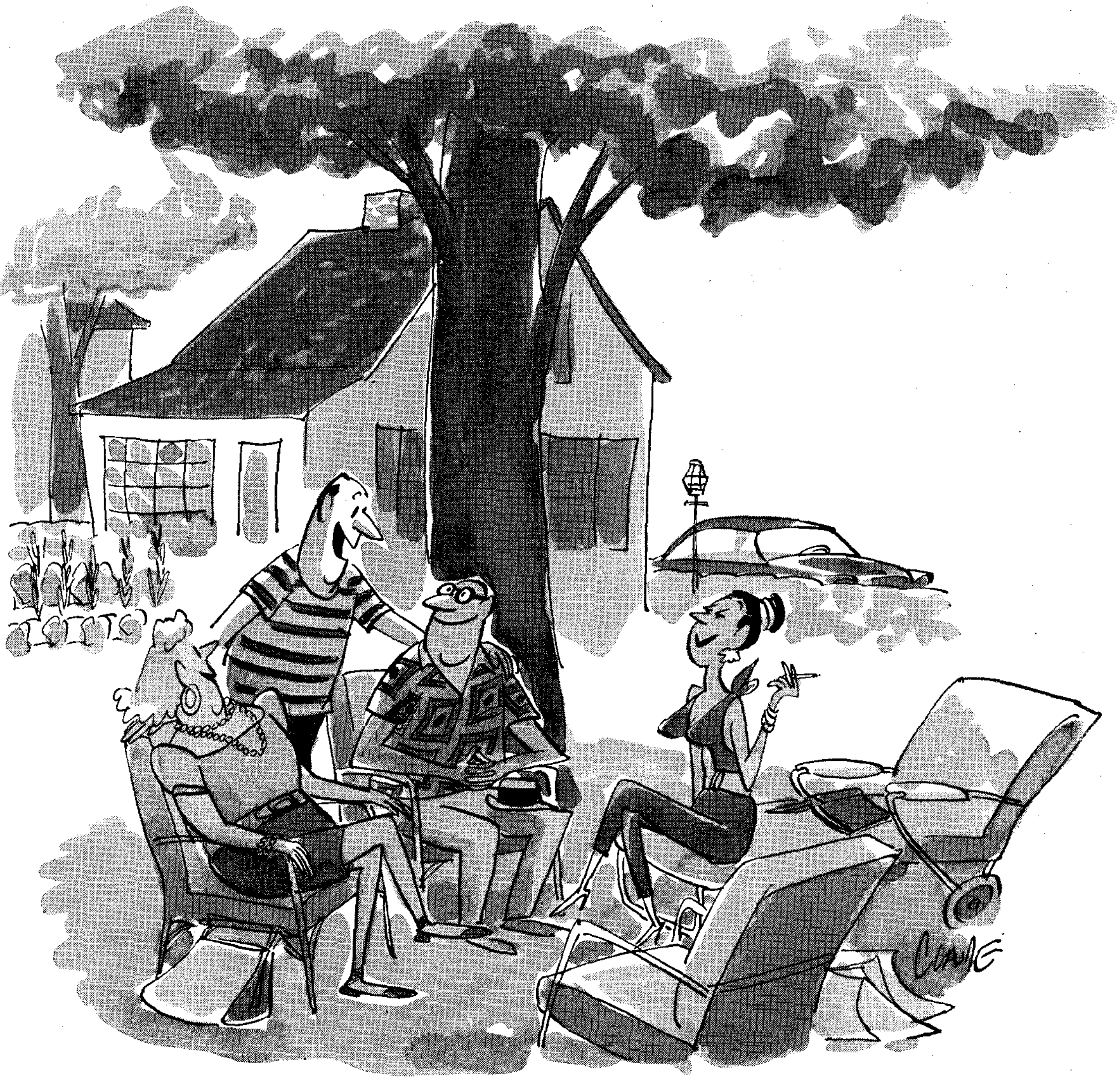
AT the Port Authority Bus Terminal the other day, in a group of campbound youngsters, most of them equipped with baseball bats and fishing rods, was one little boy with a fly swatter.

Justice Revisited

WE had such a good time last summer when a group of high appellate justices from all over the country, attending a refresher seminar at the New York University School of Law, threw a cocktail party in a Washington Square penthouse that we were delighted when we learned last week that the seminar was being held again this summer, complete with cocktail party, to which we were invited. The judges involved in the two-week seminar are justices of the State Supreme Courts and members of the Federal Circuit Courts of Appeal; they are outranked only by the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court. The seminar comprises a dozen or so subjects designed to make a profound, august judge even profounder and more august. The cocktail party is happily designed to make him somewhat less so.

This year’s party was held at the same lovely penthouse as last year’s. We arrived a bit after six and made our way out to the apartment’s broad, handsome terrace, accepted a Martini that instantly appeared, as if from nowhere, and, to our pleasure, promptly ran into some old friends from last year’s party: Chief Justice Frank Kenison, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; Federal Judge Frederick G. Hamley, of the United States Court of Appeals, Ninth Circuit (whose seat is in San Francisco); and Judge A. C. Snyder, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico. Judge Snyder told us that he is not a student this year but, having been promoted to the seminar’s faculty, is in the enjoyable position of being able to lay down the law to his colleagues. Judge



“How about it? Anybody interested in a home-grown Bloody Mary?”

Kenison had come to town to take part in the Conference of State Supreme Court Chief Justices, a one-week affair that was also being held here last week. He is not attending any of the seminar's classes, he said—just the cocktail party. We learned that Judge Hamley had achieved immortality since we last saw him, because for the first time in his career one of his decisions had been cited in a footnote to an opinion issued by a United States Supreme Court justice, albeit a dissenting opinion.

"Footnote Hamley, we call him," said Judge Snyder ebulliently.

Judge Hamley said, "Well, in some ways it's better than getting into the body of the opinion—especially if you find yourself being referred to there as 'the learned judge.' "

"You said it!" exclaimed Judge Snyder. "When you've got a Supreme Court justice referring to you in his opinion as 'the learned judge,' you know you're *dead*. He's going to reverse you, sure as anything."

Several other judges, whose names we didn't catch, came along, and soon the group was engaged in what we gathered was a favorite pastime of the appellate judiciary—exchanging humorous and slightly slanderous anecdotes about "the people upstairs," or the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court.

After some of this, we caught sight of another acquaintance from last year's party—Judge Robert A. Leflar, a former justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas and the director of the seminar, who was standing conveniently close to the bar. We went over to say hello to him, ask him how this year's seminar differed from last year's, and have our glass refilled.

Judge Leflar—a short, gray-haired man in his fifties, sporting a tie adorned with a map of the State of Arkansas—told us that the seminar not only had a new batch of judges as students but had added two new courses. "One of them, State Courts and the Federal System," he said hopefully, "is liable to prove a real firecracker when we start in on it tomorrow. Some of the judges are all steamed up on that subject, you know." One of the most popular courses this year, he said, is Opinions, in which the judges tear into sample specimens of each other's written opinions, commenting on the style, the relation of form to content, and so on.

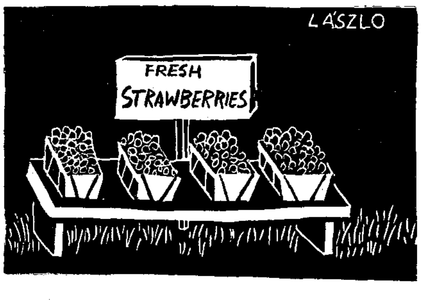
As the sky began to show pink streaks, Judge Leflar drifted around the terrace with us, introducing us to some of the new batch of judges. One of them, Judge Floyd L. Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma—a lean, sun-tanned judge—told us that this was his first visit to New York. "You can imagine how impressive it all looks to an Okie seeing it for the first time," he said. A couple of judges, as we approached them, were debating the question of statehood for Hawaii. They were introduced to us as Judge Masaji Marumoto and Judge Ingram Stainback, and it turned out that both are *from* Hawaii. "We're on different fences on this matter," Judge Marumoto explained to us.

We stopped to talk to a faculty member named Wolfgang Friedmann, who is also a faculty member of Columbia University, and whom Judge Leflar presented as one of the world's leading authorities on comparative law. We asked him how he liked teaching such judicial luminaries as were to be found here, and he said, "I'm finding it a very moving experience. I've lived in five countries, but in no other country would you find something like this—judges of such high stature humble enough to come together and act as students for a while."

The terrace was thinning out now, as the judges and their wives began to leave, some of them murmuring about having to hurry if they were going to get to the theatre on time. At this point in last year's party, if we remember rightly, Judge Robert C. Finley, of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, was talking about going down to the Village Barn to square-dance, and perhaps even do a little square-dance calling. We saw him this time, too, just as he was leaving the party, and we asked where he was headed. "Eddie Condon's and some of the other jazz joints," he said. "And if I get up enough courage, I may take my clarinet along with me."

Plagiarism

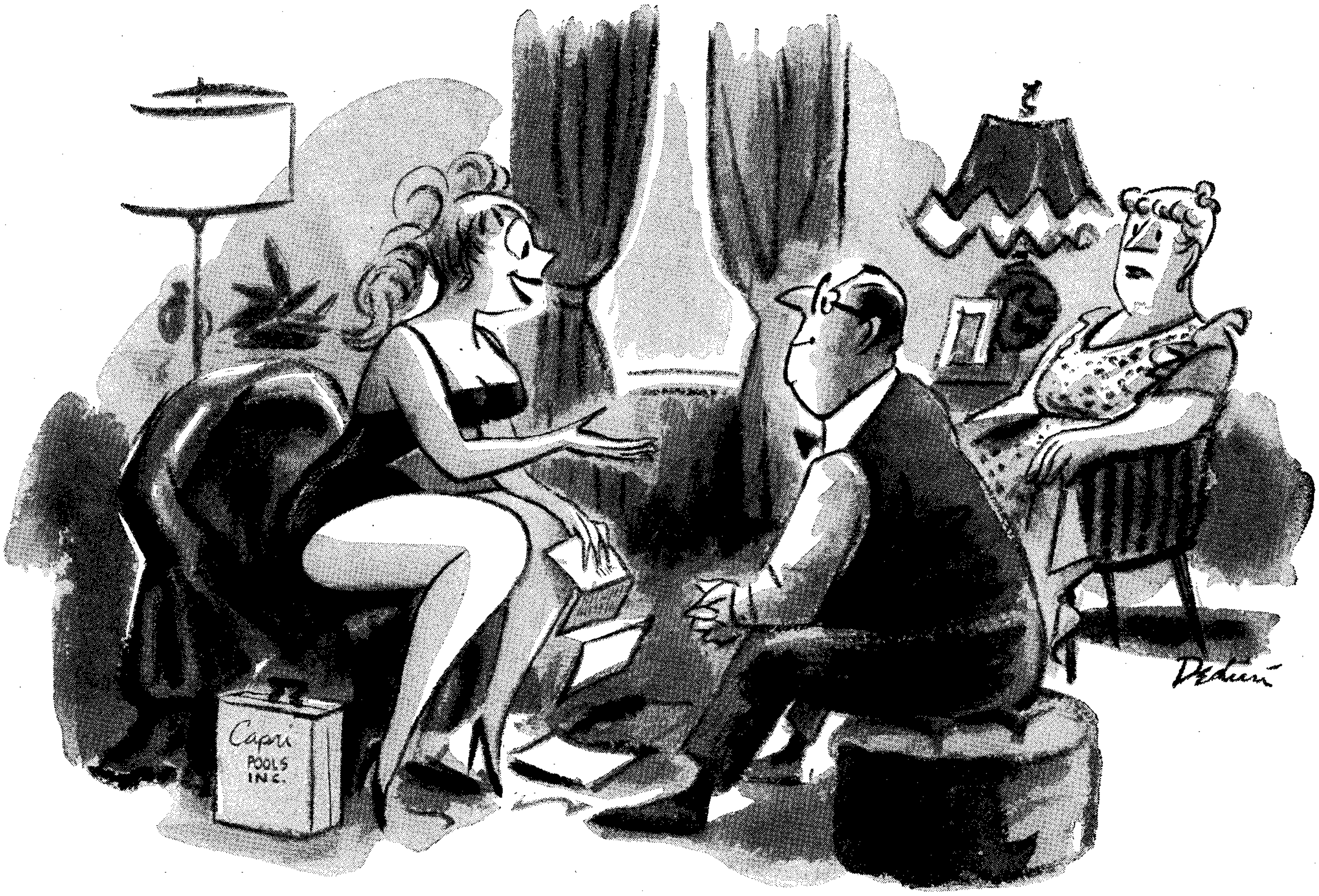
A LOCAL newspaperman recently made a swing through the Deep South in preparation for a series of articles on the segregation controversy. He knew he was by no means the first Northern journalist to undertake this mission, and he had a fair idea what the public pulse down there might be, but he was hardly prepared to see, across the street from the first hotel he checked into below the Mason-Dixon Line, a fence on which was scrawled the legend "Yankee, go home."



Balloonatic

HOW many lady balloonists is a man apt to meet in his lifetime? Precious few. The reason for this may be that lady balloonists are not only rare but hard to get at. We were lucky enough to capture one for a few minutes the other day, more or less between ascensions, and a handsome, intelligent, and amusing person she proved to be. Her name is Mrs. Alfred L. Wolf; she lives in Blue Bell, Pennsylvania; her husband is a lawyer in Philadelphia; and she has just returned from a nine-balloon international race in Holland, in which she and her crew finished fifth. A man from Belgium came in first. Mrs. Wolf, who looks much younger than her age—she is fifty-two—told us that she has been flying planes for twenty-seven years and has been ballooning for six. "My husband's in the Air Force Reserve—he qualified as a jet pilot this year—and in 1951 he was called back into service and sent to Germany. I went with him. He bought me a plane, and I spent a lot of time flying around Europe. A Swiss friend who has since gone in for blimps put me on to free ballooning. When we got back here, I joined the Balloon Club of America, which has five licensed members, all from in or around Philadelphia. An old-time Philadelphia balloon enthusiast said that the name for people like us should be changed from balloonists to balloonatics, and I expect he's right. We own nine balloons, which we bought for ten dollars from Navy surplus; the Navy uses balloons to study atmospheric conditions. You should see the balloon we used in Holland; it was made about thirty years ago and is mostly patches and mildew. Our crew consisted of two men—Anthony Fairbanks, who founded the club, and Francis Shields, a fellow-member—and me, and, considering the condition of the balloon and the fact that Shields and I had never raced before, we didn't hope for much. But winning's the least of our worries; we just want to be up in the air with everyone else."

Mrs. Wolf, a banker's daughter, was born in Canada and from 1923 to 1930 worked as a subscription secretary for the Theatre Guild; later, she leased the Garrick Theatre in Philadelphia and



"Now, the Capri De Luxe pool comes with the filter, Mr. Andrews, but the diving board is optional . . ."

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booked shows for it. She's an old friend of Mike Todd's. The balloon that Todd used in "Around the World in 80 Days"—he had it painted specially for the film—belongs to the Balloon Club; its name is La Coquette. At Todd's request, Mrs. Wolf flew La Coquette over London and Paris to help celebrate the recent British and French premières of you know what.

Ballooning is a seasonal sport, the favored season being from April to November. Like gliding, ballooning depends for movement on luck with thermals, which are air currents rising off sun-warmed fields and hills; unlike gliding, ballooning gives a pilot no control of direction—except up and down. To ascend, you spill sand from a score or so of sandbags on the floor of the basket. To descend, you pull a rope connected to a valve at the top of the bag, which releases an appropriate amount of gas. (The gas ordinarily used by Mrs. Wolf and her friends is cooking gas, piped in to an airfield, in Valley Forge, that is their ballooning headquarters. In a race, they use hydrogen.) "Two hundred feet a minute is the recommended top speed of ascent or descent, but one time last year my four fellow club members and I came down a good deal faster than that," Mrs. Wolf said. "There's a rip panel on the balloon, with a rope attached to it. When you land, you pull this rope, in order to let all the gas out of the balloon as quickly as possible and keep from being dragged along the ground. After each trip, the rip panel is glued up again. On this particular occasion, the wind must have loosened the adhesive. Anyhow, we started falling, and we fell fast—forty-two hundred feet in less than two minutes. Luckily, the wind got under the empty balloon and turned it into a sort of parachute; luckily, too, we landed in a soft, newly plowed field in Mullica Hill, New Jersey. A few broken legs were all we had to show for it. The European balloon clubs heard about our fall and cabled us congratulations—not on having escaped death but on having had such a marvellous experience. And it's true that almost everything that happens to you in a balloon seems marvellous. You don't get the slightest sense of speed, and instead of feeling the wind, it's as if you *were* the wind. Best of all, none of the ruder noises of earth come up to you—no train or car or factory noises. Just the barking of dogs and sometimes, from ever so far away, the voice of a child."

Samaritan

STALLED in the heavy traffic on Fifth Avenue near Fifty-ninth Street the other evening, a friend of ours started to light a Marlboro ("filter, flavor, flip-top box"). The traffic began to move before he could get the cigarette going, but it soon stalled again, whereupon he heard a voice crying, "Hey, you! Hey, you in the black-and-white Oldsmobile! Look out!" Our friend determined that the cry came from the driver of a taxi stalled in the next lane, and, since he was driving a black-and-white Oldsmobile, he immediately began to envision all kinds of calamities—leaking radiator, flat tire, loose hubcap. The cabdriver kept up his caterwauling, with frenetic gestures, and our friend figured that he was a goner, with the car about to collapse around his ears. Finally, the cab swerved close to him. "You got that cigarette in your mouth the wrong way, bud," the driver said.

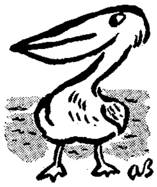
THE PARSON

HE was a short, very heavy man—obese, although oddly thin in the face and with square hands, flat-tipped fingers, no flesh between the knuckles. A narrow, flat forehead that with the years grew higher, although he never appeared to become bald; eyebrows that jutted out enormously long, curly and wiry, and small eyes beneath all this tangle as sharp as terriers', but blue. They were never tender or glazed with sentiment.

His nose became larger and bonier as his forehead grew higher. As he grew older, as his face sank away from it, this nose was like the prow of Methodism rising out of a receding sea. The eyes might blaze, the eyebrows bristle, the forehead soar ever more lofty, but the nose was of chapel and sin. Around the bridge, it had a pinched look of virtue and condemnation.

A long upper lip, which might have been taken off a comedian; and a mouth that changed with time more than any other feature, starting off wide and broad-lipped and ending as a thin line, an opening slit for food or, almost non-existent, clamped round a cigarette.

All this head, with its contradictions and discrepancies, rode too large for the short, heavy body. His back view, in suspended gray flannels and shirt-sleeves, digging, weeding, mowing a lawn, was the rear of a squat old elephant—the same vast, solid gray folds ending in short, tubular legs, the same lumbering quality.



And yet he was deft. Until he became ill and lazy and clumsy, he could make or mend most things. He played chess in a series of vicious jabs, pouncing the pieces down, grunting, puffing great blasts of smoke, and usually winning—his one intellectual achievement.

HE was a clergyman for one reason only—there was nothing else he could possibly have been. As a small boy, bullied and teased by six sisters and four brothers, he sat under the nursery table chanting, "Mama, Papa, all the children are disagreeable except me. . . ." God shone a compassionate eye through the silk tassels on the green serge cloth that covered the table, disregarded the ten clever goody-goodies, and picked him out. He began preaching—a stocky, timid, bombastic little boy shouting of Hell-fire in the front parlor while his brothers sneered and his sisters tittered and his father played the harmonium. As a reward, his grandmother would give him lollipops, lovingly slipped from her tongue onto his. The only color in the house was the white of the girls' petticoats whisking round dark corners.

He went to various schools, but he learned nothing. He was beaten, put in the attic, kept on bread and water. This made him cry, convinced him that he was a sinner, but made him even more stupid. At sixteen, hair slicked down from a center parting, stiff-collared, in hound's-tooth check, he was taken away from school and bound as an apprentice in his father's printing firm. The other apprentices were disagreeable; he clung firmly to God and became a preacher in the local Wesleyan chapel, flaying the nodding bonnets with his great new voice, guiltily and savagely in love with a girl called Maisie. Maisie, a bobbish little rich girl of fifteen, was frightened and ran away; she never married, but for sixty years kept, transfixed, her startled giggle, her look of petrified alarm.

He might have gone on like this for some years, but his father died; the printing firm collapsed. He enrolled in the Methodist Theological College at Putney.

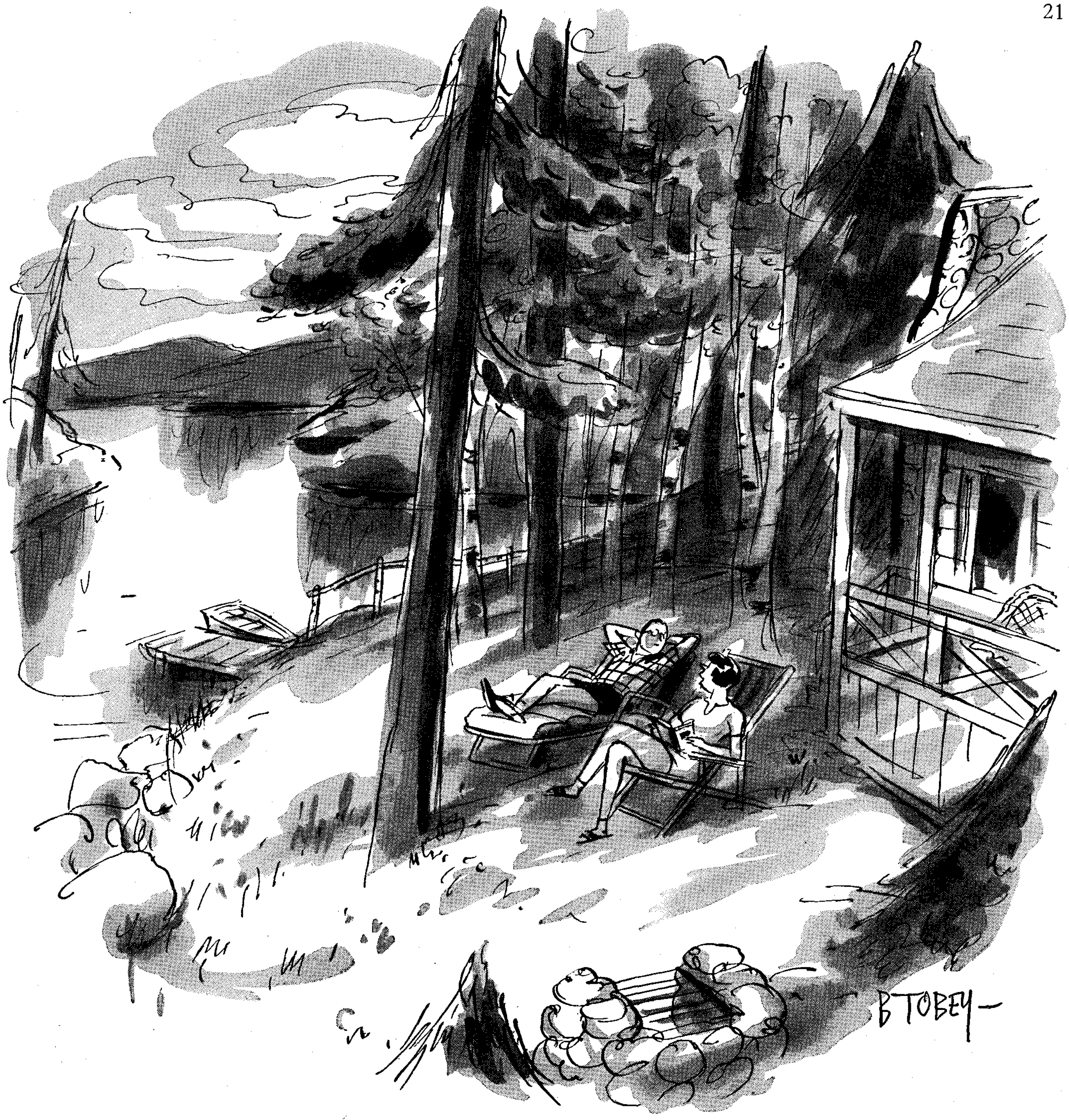
It was a ghastly mistake. Black-suited, forced to attend long lectures on the Roman baptismal creed, to puzzle his way through Athanasius and Marcellus and the Cappadocians, to battle with the theory of enhypostasia and Socinianism and kenosis, to listen to pale young men with clammy hands discussing Theodore of Mopsuestia and the laws of ecclesiastical polity—all this was the nearest thing to Hell he had ever known. God moved away from him and hid in a cloud of unknowing. For the first time in his life, with the agony of a child who sees his father pinching the maid's bottom, he had Doubts. He wept and prayed, but it was no good. The College expelled him for failing all his examinations. He thought, as he walked slowly away with his Gladstone bag and his Bible, of walking straight on into the placid river. Instead, he became a Unitarian.

He could preach again, and when he was preaching he could convince himself of anything. He shook his square hands, howled, and whispered; his huge, resonant voice shook the corrugated-iron roofs of dismal chapels, stroked the souls of girls in village halls. But afterward, alone in his lodgings, he suffered. Preaching, although he worked as hard as he knew how to on his sermons, didn't take up much time. He had begun to read Nietzsche and, almost more furtively, H. G. Wells; he had heard, uneasily, of "Man and Superman," and the phrase "life-force" began to creep into his sermons. The idea of Life, which had nothing to do with living, had begun to take the place of God, who had shown Himself to have nothing to do with religion. "Life is Love!" he bawled to a startled congregation. Pinch-mouthed, severely buttoning their gloves, they asked him to leave. He packed his "Zarathustra" and went.

WHAT to do with him now? He was twenty-eight, uneducated, unqualified, tormented by the sins he hadn't committed and unable to understand the ones he had, tremendously ambitious without the slightest talent for success, full of urges and yearnings and pains of the soul, frightening and frightened and altogether a mess. The family gave him a piece of land in the middle of Manitoba and sent him off, with a younger brother, to Canada. Perhaps, as the ship heaved off into the Liverpool fog, they thought they had seen the last of him.

He never found the piece of land. Perhaps he didn't really look. He took various trains in the hope of finding it, but always ended up sitting on his box in some desolate way station, waiting for a train to take him back to Winnipeg. After several of these excursions, he gave up and took a job in a printing firm. It was cold, barbaric. Everyone was disagreeable, and he spent hours every night reading Browning out loud to himself in order to keep his accent pure. Away from any form of organized religion, his doubts were calmed; the longer he stayed a printer, the firmer his faith became. After a year of it, he wrote home for his passage money. His cold, ink-stained fingers could hardly hold the pen. "I know," he wrote, "that God intends me for the Ministry."

His mother flew into one of her rages, whistled "Worthy Is the Lamb" under her breath, and sent her daughters cowering to their rooms. But she was lonely. All her sons had left her and, with this one exception, were living brash and ungodly lives, both in jail and out. One was company-promoting in Sydney, another was razing Kanaka villages to the ground for the hell of it and living with a native girl who played the mouth organ and filled his shoes with sugar, another had just killed a lumberman in an argument and temporarily



"If you're ever going to cut down on those tranquillizers, now seems as good a time as any."

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disappeared. She sent the passage money.

So he came home, chilly, chastened, and full of hope. He would study, he would do what he was told. Somebody must want him; somebody must recognize his ability. As he set foot on English soil at Liverpool, he felt that one blast of his voice would be enough. "Why," bishops would ask each other, "has he been neglected so long?"

SIX months later, in a tweed hat and knickerbockers, he was bicycling about the lanes of Wiltshire, his heavy head bent low over the handle bars, his stout legs numbly pedalling. He was an itinerant preacher again. Browning went with him everywhere and his text was always the same: " 'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." He read "Saul" aloud, with great passion, in the drawing rooms of the local gentry. One of their daughters, a handsome, strong-willed, ailing woman of thirty-five, fell in love with him. They married at eight o'clock one morning in a thick fog, walking to the chapel through muddy fields and going off to a disastrous honeymoon in lodgings at Eastbourne.

Marriage, far from calming him, goaded him to a kind of fury. He had always been violently, if furtively, conscious of sex; now, legitimately sexual, he became intoxicated with the idea that the world was more or less equally divided into men and women. Free love and the life-force and the emancipation of women all whirled together in his innocent brain, causing an extraordinary chaos in which women were exactly like men and yet were at the same time accessible. His heart gave out under the strain. He became ill. His wife had a

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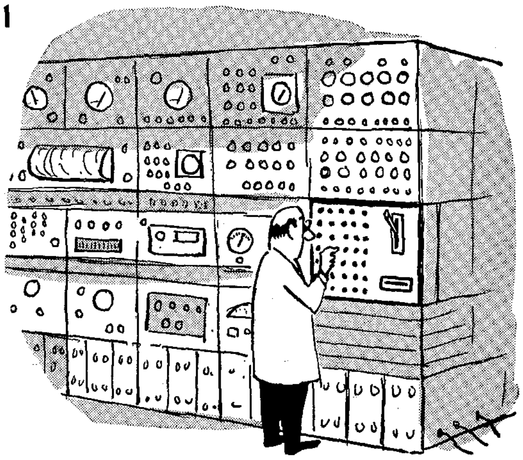

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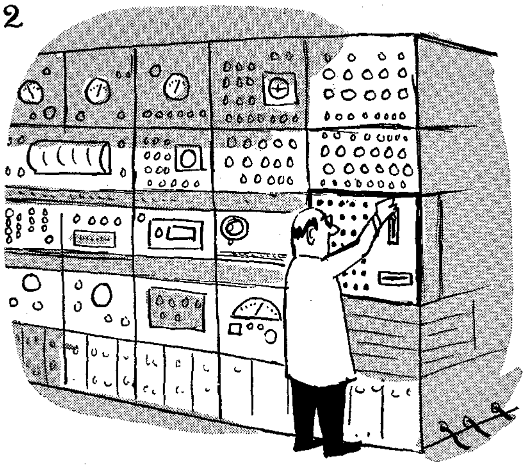

nervous breakdown. The Wesleyans turned him out. His in-laws, stern materialists who believed devoutly in success, refused to have anything to do with him. There seemed, this time, no way out.

But, of course, there was. All his life he had been beating his head against the narrow limits of Nonconformity. The Church of England, that great, placid, unshakable compromise, loomed calm and radiant over the horizon. Why had he never thought of it before? The gracious, socially acceptable vicarages; the brown, book-lined studies where even a heretic could sleep undisturbed; the great cathedrals that could ring with his reading of Isaiah, of which he was rightly proud; and, above all, the limitless scope for a man of talent. Revived, with passionate energy and pin-bright faith, he went off to Lambeth Palace and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The first question he was asked was whether he had any money. None. Oxford or Cambridge? Neither. Who would speak for him? No one. A fortnight later, a letter came from the Palace, signed with one spidery name; he was not, it was thought, suitable for the Church of England.

Now it was a case of do or die. Browning was no longer any use to him; neither was life-force. He was well into his thirties, and God was passing him by. He badgered, he pestered, he wrote long, impassioned letters. For the first time in his life he worked, swallowing great chunks of doctrine and not daring to think how uneasily it lay. The end—the study with its armchair and the mellow peal of bells—was all that mattered. When at last they accepted him, he wept for joy, although with the appearance of awful grief. Once in the Church, he knew, nothing short of murder or flagrant adultery would get him out.

THEY gave him the job of curate in a parish in the East End of London. His residence was a little slum house next to the gasworks; lascars prowled the streets at night and the church was a grimy great place with a sparse scattering of old women who wanted to take the weight off their feet and get away for an hour or two from their drunken husbands. He found himself looking with hostile envy at the local Catholic priest, but, of course, it was too late for that. He applied himself to the business of visiting the sick, who were very sick, and whom he found very disagreeable.

However, London had something to be said for it. He went, having carefully removed his dog collar, to a private performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession;" he got to know a few vaguely literary personalities—the humble outer fringe of the Café Royal world; he began to write himself, pouring out his untidy feelings on Life and sex and God in dull, pompous sentences to which his wife listened with an expression of hopeless martyrdom that eventually became permanent. For her, as a curate's wife, there had begun the lifelong task of keeping up appearances; she did this with increasing skill, but once alone with her husband she became quite silent, an industrious shadow, locked and bolted against attack.

They were now secure. He was still fairly young, his great energy still untapped. The ideas pullulating inside him were still unexpressed; an East End curacy was hardly enough. He began looking around for something more alive, something with more scope.

HE was offered a village that consisted of a cozy huddle of cottages under a gentle, sheltering hill. The squire's eighteenth-century mansion faced serenely away from the church, in its wilderness of moon daisies. The vicarage stood quiet in the sun, protected by a high pink wall—a great house full of dark passages and damp stone, mellow with dust and the smell of rotting apples. There was no sound but the swing of milk pails carried on their wooden yoke, the clop of a tired horse, the hum of a fat bee in the honeysuckle. It was hard to keep awake, and a beautiful place to die in—the Church of England at its best.

He burst in like a lion, scattering teacups and raising the warm dust. For the first time in his life, he felt a sense of power. "Yes, Vicar," the villagers said. "Of course, Vicar." They pulled their forelocks, and the squire raised his hat.

" 'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway . . .' " He was back in form again. The church shook with Isaiah, and the moon daisies were scythed down. He had a son and two hundred and fifty pounds a year, he had a study with an armchair, and six days off a week. There was only one thing missing. He no longer believed in God.

It was a terrible realization. Not only did he not believe in God, he didn't believe in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Virgin Birth, the idea of the Trinity, the Resurrection, the sanctity of marriage, or the conception of original sin. They had all, in the security and promise of his new life, deserted him.

He began desperately to try to fill the great gap. His faith in Life became almost fanatic; loving Life and living Love—it was comprehensive, unanswerable. If anyone was foolish enough to ask him exactly what it meant, his eyes blazed more fiercely than ever, he flung his arms wide and shouted, "You ask me what Life means? Life! Life speaks for itself!"

But he had to find some more practical expression for it. The villagers seemed smugly content with their uninspired existence, and those whom he buried were undeniably dead. He persuaded the squire that what was needed was a village club, a place where they could come together as a community and live a little. He helped to build it, slapping on the cement—braces straining over his great shoulders—singing at the top of his voice. It was a very ugly building, a gabled and stuccoed monstrosity among the thatched cottages

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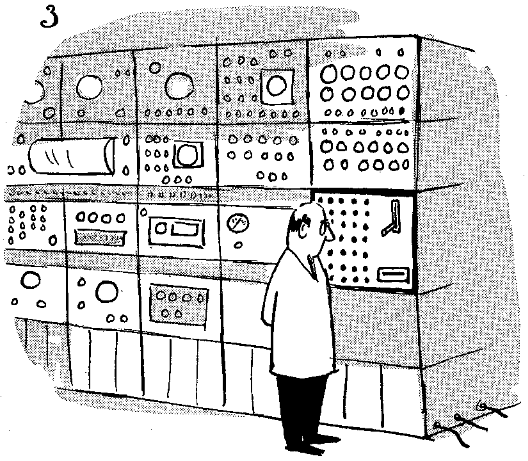

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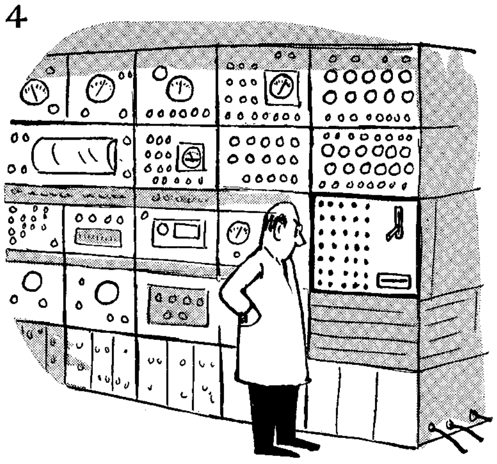

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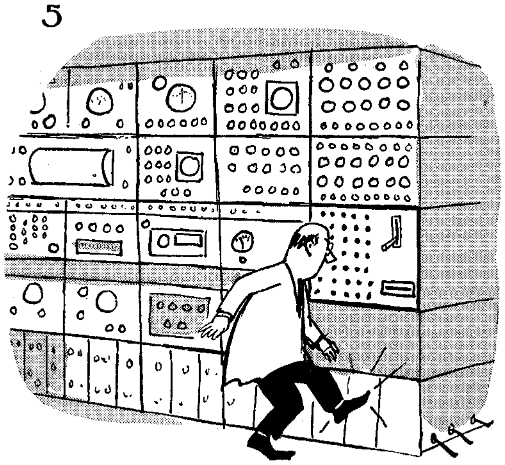

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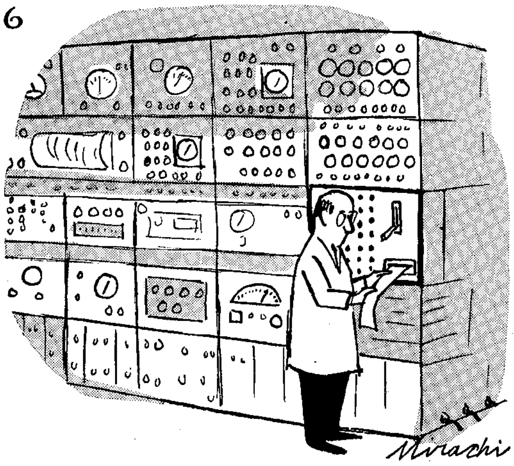


and rosy brick, but when it was finished the villagers obediently used it, playing slow games of billiards and watching with delight the children of the local gentry making fools of themselves on the overelaborate stage. It was finished, and a great hopelessness came over him as he looked at it, a great hatred of his parishioners who shambled about its clean and empty rooms. It was not enough and they were not enough. There must be something *more—but what?*

He was now forty-six and his wife was over fifty. His son had been followed, painfully, after five intervening years, by a daughter. In order to make ends meet, his wife had started a small residential school that she called, with a hankering after sweetness, The Little People's Garden. The vicarage was overrun with children and governesses, beans growing on blotting paper, and jam jars of catkins. He took to living in an old Army hut at the bottom of the garden, where he was waited on by a surly manservant, who occasionally took notes to the house, asking the children to tea. He began sleeping in the afternoons, waking with a start to a black world of sin and atonement, the ghostly roaring of his own voice. But the sun poured lazily down through the apple trees and there was nothing to do—hours and days of nothing to do. He had a few weeks of keeping hens, who were given incredible incubators and runs of revolutionary design. One by one, they died. Two savage dogs, whom he christened Loyalty and Verity, took over the runs. They devoured the drawing-room curtains while everyone was in church, and shortly afterward the runs were empty. Their enormous collars, together with their leads and a whistle on a leather thong, hung about for some time and then were thrown by children into the tall nettles.

He still filled the church with his voice, bellowing at the deaf squire and the old women, who had heard him a thousand times, but it was becoming an effort. He would often break off after five minutes, abruptly mutter the names of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and stamp out of the pulpit. The sense of futility made him physically ill. Unable to deafen himself with ideas, he had begun to listen to the ticking of the clock, the almost inaudible snapping of decay. There was still, perhaps, time to get out.

BUT, of course, he couldn't get out. The Church had him trapped as effectively as if he were behind bars. He exchanged his village for an amorphous jumble of suburban streets with identical houses crammed with office girls and bank clerks. The vicarage overlooked the railway line and shuddered all night with the crash and scream of shunting cars. He started a youth club and preached his splendid, meaningless sermons to huge congregations of children—fifteen-year-old girls, who loved him, and adolescent boys with nothing better to do. "Life!" he shouted at them desperately. "Believe in Life!" He grasped the edge of the pulpit, the tears ran down his face, he laughed, he flung his spectacles into the congregation, narrowly missing his wife, who was sitting, suffering tortures of embarrassment and misery, in the front pew. When it was all over, he would go home and play the piano—loud, frustrated, unskillful chords—or shut himself in his study and sit doing nothing until, mercifully, he fell asleep.

He began toying with theosophy, anthroposophy, spiritualism. His wife, perhaps out of loneliness, had always had a very reasonable relationship with ghosts, and this, at least—the need for something mysterious in a life spent cutting up small pieces of bread for Communion, or carrying cans of water from the kitchen tap to the font, or footing the bill for sacramental wine—they had in common. For a short while, it drew them together, but whereas she was content not to believe very much, his craving for belief grew greater as the possibility of satisfying it grew less. He could by now believe ten contradictory theories at the same time, and they tossed around in his soul like dead leaves, never settling, useless, whispering in the emptiness. The day he discovered Communism, he believed, with great gratitude, that he was saved.

Once again his energy soared. Reckless, enthusiastic, he devoted a whole issue of the parish magazine to supporting the Soviet persecution of the Church. Christ, he argued, was a Communist anyway. Nobody understood it. He was amazed. At last, after so much searching, he believed he had found the true meaning of Christianity. Did the Church of England not care for Christianity? Apparently it didn't. He was advised to go north, where, it was hoped, he might sink into oblivion.

THE square, gloomy house in Lancashire rose like a fortress out of a forest of dripping shrubs—laurel and rhododendron, privet and yew. The cotton mills and foundries glowed like Hell under a steel sky, and the huge church, built in memory of the Napoleonic Wars, echoed like a tomb for the few living souls who crept inside it.

Wearily, with the resignation of a man who has been through this move many times before, he started a youth club. He was over fifty—the prime, he insisted aggressively, of life—and so heavy that it became increasingly difficult for him to move about. He went everywhere by car, hunched over the wheel, saluting his parishioners with a gesture that was half gracious, half insulting. For days at a time, he sat in his study—the same desk, the same armchair, the same glass-fronted bookshelves—speaking to no one, scribbling away at some new work that was to enlighten the world, or trying to crowd out the emptiness with bits of Bertrand Russell, a few predigested scraps of Einstein, populating his desert with Ethel Mannin, A. S. Neill, Rudolf Steiner, Mme. Blavatsky, Krafft-Ebing. Every Saturday, in a hushed house, he wrote what he thought was a new sermon, but they were all the same, a torment of words disgorged to a slowly dwindling congregation. His voice was still remarkable, but it had nothing to say. Like Fowler, Graham Greene's character in "The Quiet American," he longed for the existence of someone to whom he could say he was sorry. There was no one. For the first time in over twenty years, he brought the photograph of his mother out of his drawer, and set it between his watch and his collar box on the bedroom mantelpiece.

One day, while conducting a funeral service, he stumbled and fell into the open grave. Climbing out, cumbersome and horrified and ashamed, his surplice streaked with mud, he knew that everything was really over. He was not even afraid of death. It was no more than a hole in the ground, a box in the earth. He apologized, finished the service, and went home. There was nothing else he could do.

THE LONG WALK

The light was already spent when they came
To a sign which read "Shore Dinners," and a shack,
Squat in the haze, where people, back-to-back
At counters, partaking of fish
Served piping hot with fritters, lame-
ly poked the dish.

Having walked this far, surely they might come
Before dark to some other spot, perhaps
One more subtly lit, with clean cloth nap-
kins, and a waiter who would provide
All favors to make them welcome,
And prod their wit beside.

How hard (now that they think of it!) to say
Exactly what they wished: to prolong their
Walk into the moon, lest ill-cooked fare sour
Their speech; or find some common ground,
By choosing a place to eat, to say
Such words as might be found.

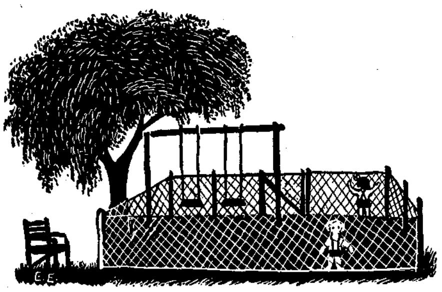
And so they went, by a bay which ran to ink
Beneath stars and scribbled cypress. They spoke
Never of hunger. They might have wished one tok-
en ship to pass, the cabin bright
In semblance of feast, that they might drink
Stoically to the night.

Need it be said how, closing for the night,
The owner himself served them, brusquely, cold
Fish at a counter, where they sat foretold,
And backed by vacant stools; how rain
Fell profitlessly chill and light,
And light rained down?

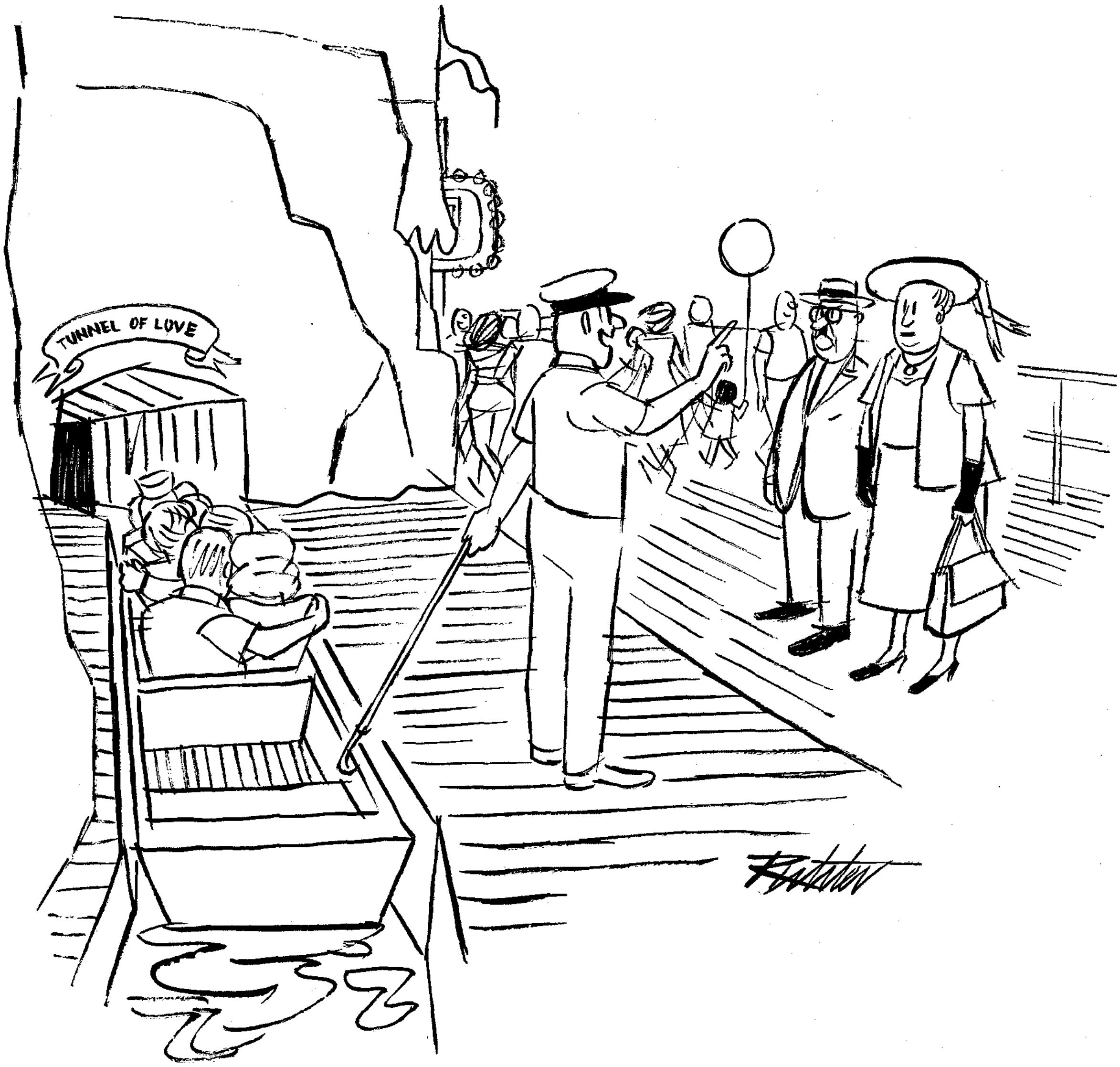
—DAVID GALLER

● ●

His searching now had the desperation of a man finally cornered, without sanctuary. He became a nudist. But in the colony where he went for a vacation he found nothing among the dripping trees but a group of elderly ladies dressed in spectacles, knitting scarves for their less enlightened relatives. At this time, he weighed over sixteen stone, and there was much of him to suffer. He spent one wretched night in the chalet he had booked for three weeks, and came home. The next morning, as dawn burst over the cotton mills, he was to be seen wandering naked about the shrubbery, a great, pale, disconsolate shape in the gritty light, looking for something irretrievably lost.



AT the age of sixty, already an old man, he drifted west, to Somerset, setting up his desk, his armchair, his bookshelves in yet another study, laboriously climbing the stairs of a new pulpit, looking down from it on the same faces, the same bowed heads, the same expressions of patient boredom. The Church of England had fulfilled its promise; he was still alive, his children had been educated, he was sure of a pension, however small. With a sort of awkward gratitude, he tried to do his best. He started a youth club. He introduced religious film shows into the church. Some forgotten superstition, stirring again at last, prevented him from putting the screen on the altar, which, since the church was small, was the obvious place. He fixed it up between the choir stalls, and the congregation peered intently, uncomprehending, at the vast shadows, vaguely Oriental in appearance, that flickered, unfocussed, between the damp Norman pillars. The electrical part of the apparatus was un-



"How about you, folks? Just for the ride."

reliable, and to prevent himself from getting severe shocks he wore thick crêpe-soled shoes under his surplice. But the films disgusted him. He gave them up, and the congregation, temporarily doubled, died away. He sat longer and longer in his study, the room thick with smoke, Elgar or Sibelius blaring from the record-player, a novel from the local library propped inside a mildewed tome on psychology or ethics. He gave up writing, gave up sending his manuscripts away. He gave up composing sermons and extemporized, meandering on about Life while the children fidgeted and the two old women yawned behind gloved hands and his wife, now years younger than he, thought briskly about something else.

Sometimes, like a man stirring in his sleep, he began to think that he must move, must change, must get out of it all. But the thought was never finished. His eyes closed, Sibelius played on unheeded, soft mounds of ash fell on his darned gray pullover. When he woke, it was time for another meal. In silence, they ate scantily, shovelling in the careless food. The house crumbled and peeled round them, unmended, uncared for. He gave up having his daily bath, came down from his cold, ascetic bedroom at the top of the house to the luxurious spare room, with its great mahogany furniture and brass fire irons and little pots of dried lavender. An old, sick clergyman, he would have done better to die and be buried with honor and a rural dean in attendance. Instead, for the last time, the removal van came and took away the desk, the armchair, the bookshelves. The Church thanked him and sent him out into the world with six pounds a week and a few cordial letters of good wishes. For the first time in fifty years, Sunday became a day like any other.

HE sat in a ground-floor room in North London; the room faced south and the identical rooms opposite, the identical front gardens with neat little curly girls in white socks carefully riding their tricycles on the paths. For over a year, the old man sat at his desk in this room, with the city sun pouring through the William Morris curtains.

God knows what passed through his mind. Meals came and were eaten. He was pitifully hungry, but they said he must lose weight—dandelion coffee and starch-reduced rolls—and he was beyond complaining. The days merged into months, interrupted only by the absurd celebration of sleep, when he went from the desk to the bed and sat upright, differently dressed, observing darkness.

Finally, without knowing it, he died. The nurse, to whom he was just a dead old man, bustled through her routine and left him tidy, unpillowed, slightly askew on the bed. The sun poured on through the faded linen, slanted over the leather-topped desk, with its little brass nameplate, the useless books.

The letters of condolence began to arrive. "He is passing," they said, "through the Gateway to a far, far greater happiness in that Glorious Kingdom beyond . . . truly thankful that his sufferings are over and now he knows, and has found what he longed for. . . . Perhaps he is happier now. . . . It will be a relief not to have to feel sorry for him any more, for now he has found Truth. . . ." There was no confirmation and no denial. Already he existed only as a set of ideas, shifting and fading. They could do what they liked with him. There was no way in which he could speak for himself.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

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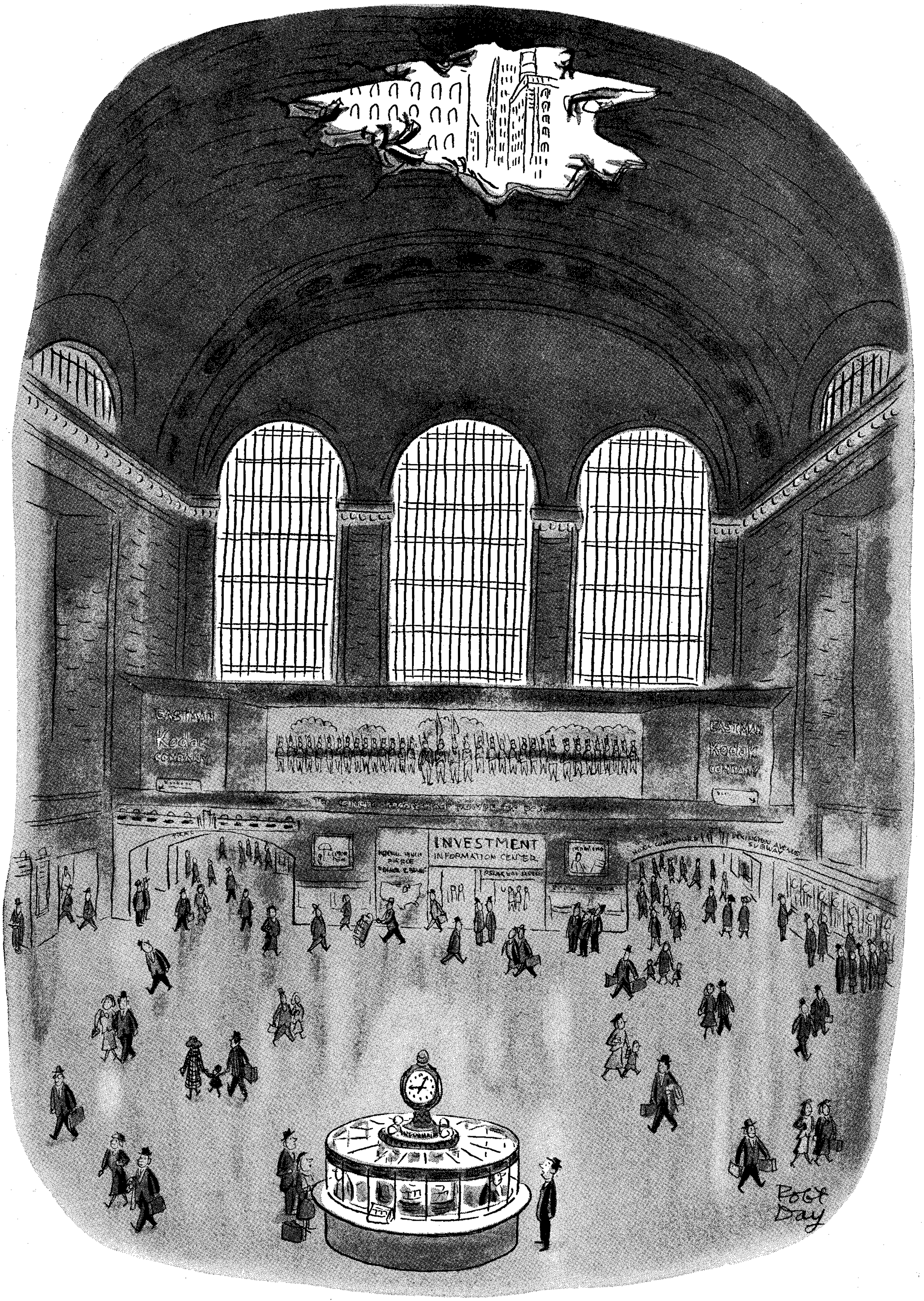
A crowd of 49,411—largest in the majors this season—saw Tempers Flair in a pair of disputed plays, both of which went against the Yankees.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

C'mon, Flair, quit arguing and play ball.


EASTMAN
Kodak
COMPANY
EASTMAN
Kodak
COMPANY
INVESTMENT
INFORMATION CENTER
LEXINGTON AVENUE
SUBWAY
Robt Day

"Where can I find the guided-missile exhibit?"

THE LITTLE BROWN GIRL

Maybeth's father had a business in the town, which was about a mile from where they lived, but he had about forty acres of land below the house that he planted in cotton and corn. The land was down the hill from the house and it was on two levels of ground: twenty acres, then a bluff covered with oak sprouts and vines, then a lower level, which stretched to the property line at the small creek. You could see it all from the house—the two fields and the creek, and other fields beyond the creek—but from the upper field you could just see as far as the willows along the creek bank.

For nine months of the year, Maybeth's father hired a Negro named Jim Williams to make the crop. Jim would work uptown in the mornings and come in the afternoons around two o'clock—a black, strapping Negro in blue overalls, stepping light and free and powerful on the road from town. He would go around the house to the back to hitch up the black mule in spring, or file on the hoe blade in summer, or drag a great dirty-white cotton sack to the field in the fall. Spring, summer, and fall they saw him come, until he became as much a part of the household as Maybeth or Brother or Lester-Junior or Snookums, the cook; then, after the last pound of cotton was weighed in the cold fall twilight, the Jim they knew would vanish. In winter, they sometimes spoke to a town Negro as Jim, and he would answer back, pleasant as you please, but it was no use pretending he was the same. The cotton stalks stood black and sodden in the field, and the cornstalks broke from the top, and there was nothing for a little girl to do in the afternoons but grow all hot and stuffy by the fire or pester Mother for things to eat or study schoolbooks sometimes. There wasn't anybody much to play with out where they lived.

At last, the spring day would come when Maybeth could leap away from the school bus and the ugly children in the bus, and run up the drive to the house, then down the hill, under the maple trees, to the field. Jim would be in the field, plowing with the middle-buster, and she would get to follow behind him for the first time in the year. Jim did a lot of funny things out there in the field. Up ahead, where the rows ended at the top of the bluff, Jim sometimes stopped when he had pulled the plow out of the ground, and while the black mule circled in the trace chains he would fling up his head and sing out, rich and full, as loud as he could sing, "Ama-a-zi-in' grace—" The air would quiver for the next line to come, but Jim would be well into the field by then, driving the plow down the furrow with a long, swinging stride.

Once, Maybeth tried to tell him the next line. "It goes 'How sweet the sound,' Jim," she said, trying to put her little shoes in Jim's broad tracks.

But all Jim Williams said was "Git up, Jimpson Weed!" Other times, he called the mule Daisy Bell, and that was funny, too, because the mule's name was Dick, and Dick was a man mule. Maybeth was sure he was a man mule. But when she told Jim that, he only said, "Lawd, Lawd," as though she had told him something he had never heard before, or something he had only half heard when she said it. You couldn't tell which.

But most of the time Maybeth was asking Jim questions. When she got like that with Mother, Mother would finally say, "Now, what on earth made you think of that?" Daddy would laugh at her questions and say, "I don't know, honey." But Jim knew the answer to everything. He knew why the jaybird bounced on the air when he flew and why the mule swept his nose along the ground when he turned and why the steel plow slid out of the earth as clean as when it entered. Sometimes Maybeth knew that Jim was making up, but most of the time she believed him word for word, like the catechism in Sunday school.

One spring afternoon, a few days before Maybeth's seventh birthday, Jim was sporting a new red bandanna in the back pocket of his overalls. Even before Maybeth reached him, she spotted it, and she asked about it first thing.

"My little girl give me that," he said. He spoke in his making-up voice, but he looked perfectly straight-faced.

Maybeth hurried very fast behind him. "Aw, Jim, you ain't got a little girl, have you? How old is she?"

"She be eight nex' fall," he said, very businesslike. "Gee, mule."

"How big is she?"

"She jes 'bout your size, honey."

A little brown girl in a starched blue-and-white checked dress stepped smiling before Maybeth's eyes. From then on, Maybeth's questions all went in one direction, and if Jim had any peace, it was only because he was Jim.

"When will I get to see her, Jim? When will she come and play with me?"

"Some day nex' week, I reckon."

"What day next week?"

"Long 'bout the middle part of the week, I spec."

"Aw, you're just foolin', Jim. Aren't you just foolin'?"

"Ama-a-zi-in' grace—" sang Jim Williams as the black mule turned in the trace chains against a low and burning cloud. And that night, when Jim had eaten his supper in the kitchen and gone, the little brown girl in the blue-and-white checked dress stayed on.

"Mother, guess what Jim told me today," said Maybeth, opening her arithmetic book before the fire. "He said he had a little girl. She's coming and play with me."

"Oh, honey, Jim's just fooling you. Jim hasn't got any children, has he, Lester?"

"Not that I ever heard of," said Daddy. "It's a good thing, too—the way he drinks and carries on every Saturday night."

"He's fooling you," said Mother.

Maybeth bent quickly to her sums. "I know it," she said.

And in a way she had known it all along. But in another way she hadn't known it, and the not knowing still remained along with the knowing, and she never thought it out any further. Nothing was changed, and she and the little brown girl played together before she went to sleep at night, in dull moments at school, and when she was being quiet on the bus, riding home with the noisy children. The little girl was the first thing to ask questions about when she ran to the field after school, the warm sun on her yellow hair, and her feet already uncomfortable to be out of their shoes.

The first thing, that is, until the Friday came when Maybeth was seven. It was a perfect birthday. Under her plate at breakfast that morning she found two broad silver dollars. The class sang "Happy Birthday" to her in school, and that night Snookums, the cook, who usually finished work in the afternoon, returned from her house to cook supper, and they all had fried chicken and rice and gravy and a coconut birthday cake.

Maybeth ran into the kitchen to show her silver dollars to Snookums and Jim. "Look, Snookums! Look, Jim!" she said.

"Lawd-ee!" said Snookums. She was

a young, bright Negro with a slim waist and straight black hair.

“My, *my!*” said Jim. “That’s ringin’ money, ain’t it, Snookum?”

“Lawd-ee!” said Snookums.

“Which you druther have, Snookum,” said Jim, “ringin’ money or foldin’ money?”

The door was open to the dining room, and Maybeth heard her big brother laugh and holler back, “Either one’ll do to buy Saturday-night liquor, won’t it?”

Jim and Snookums just fell out laughing, and Maybeth somehow felt ashamed.

After supper, she put the two silver dollars in a little box inside a bigger box and put them in the very back right-hand corner of her drawer in the bureau.

THE next day was Saturday, and it rained, so Jim stayed in the barn and shelled corn for the chickens, and Maybeth watched.

“I *wuz* gwine bring my little girl to play with you nex’ week,” said Jim.

Maybeth was stricken. “How come you can’t, Jim? Oh, how come you can’t?”

“She ain’t got no fine dress like you is. She ain’t got nothin’ ’cept one ole brown dress. She say she shame to come.”

Maybeth broke the stubborn grains of corn from a cob one at a time, and her heart beat very fast. “Have you sure ’nough got a little girl, Jim?”

Jim did not answer. “There’s dresses at the Jew store,” he went on mournfully. “But they’s nigh onto two dollars. Take the nigger long time to make up that money.”

A few minutes later, Maybeth was hurrying back to the house in the rain.

She took the two silver dollars out of the little box within the larger box, and ran back to the barn.

“What you fixin’ to do?” Jim Williams asked, holding the two coins in his open palm and cutting his eyes toward her.

“For the dress,” Maybeth said. “You know. For your little girl’s dress, Jim.”

“Your daddy ain’t gwine like you playing around with this money,” he said.

“He ain’t going to know,” said Maybeth.

“You *sure*?” he asked, snapping shut the three clasps on his little leather purse.

“I’m not going to tell him,” said Maybeth.

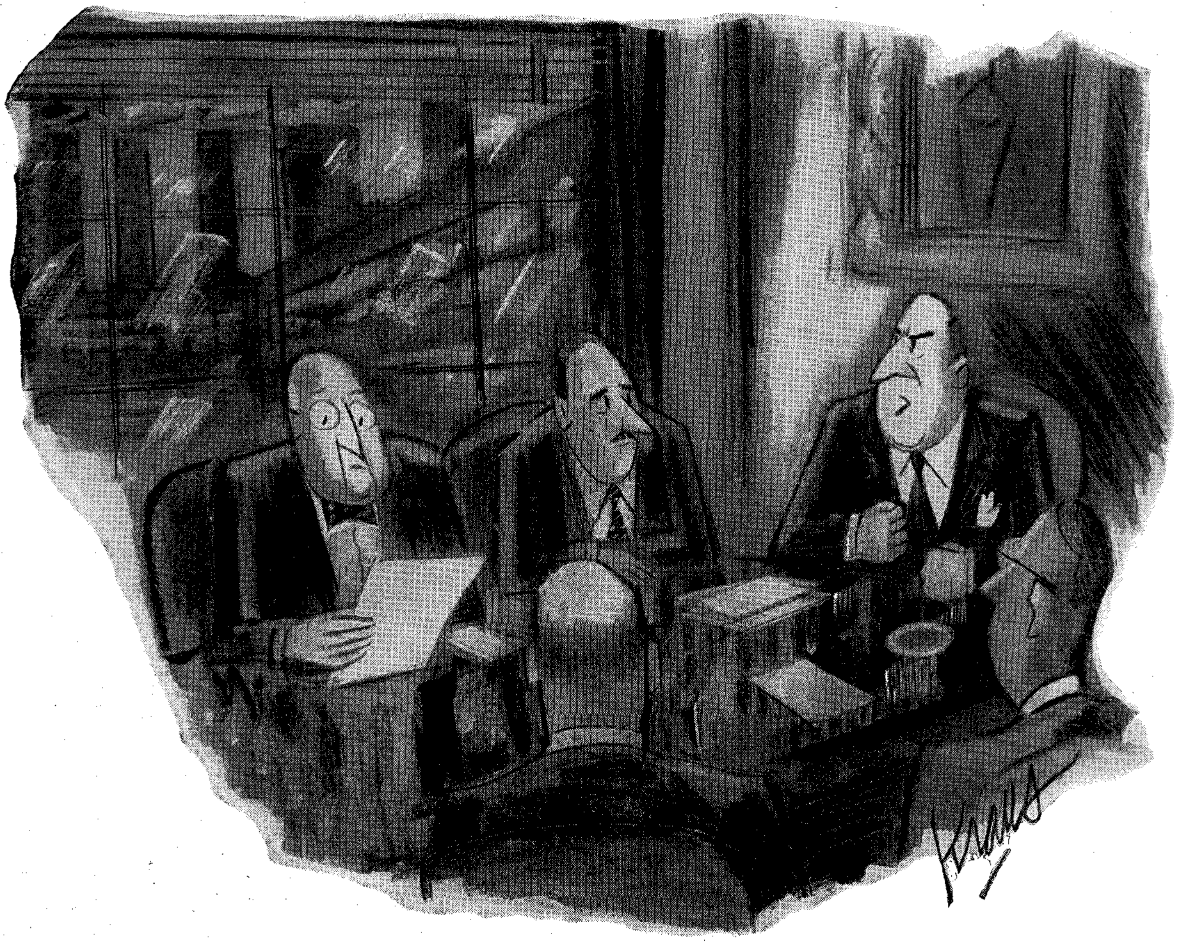
“Gwine git her a yalla dre-ess,” sang Jim softly, and the corn poured out of his fingers in rich handfuls and rattled against the side of the scuttle as fast as the rain on the tin roof.

Maybeth did not know why she had given Jim the money. It was like when you are playing mud pies by yourself and you get real salt and pepper for the pies, or when you are dressing up to play lady and you make a mess of all the closets and cedar chests trying to get something real and exactly right—the high-heeled button shoes or the hat with the plume. She and Jim were playing that Jim had a little girl. But when the playing was over, Jim did not give the money back, and, of course, she did not really know that she had expected him to, so she never asked. And because she wasn’t exactly sure what money meant, her sorrow centered on the two little empty boxes in the corner of the dresser drawer.

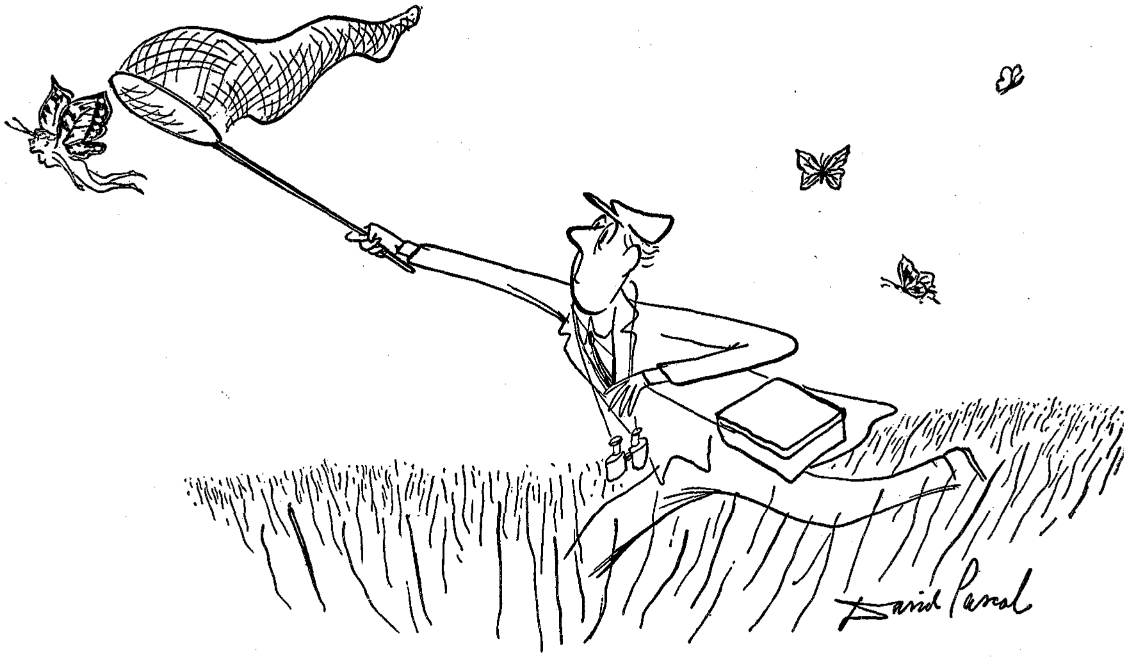
She thought of them with an empty feeling when she rode to school on Monday morning in the pickup with Daddy and saw a yellow dress in the Jew-store window. When she rode back from school on the bus, she looked again, and something went queer inside her, because the yellow dress was gone.

Maybeth ran so hard down the hill to the field that afternoon that the pound of her feet shook her all over and she could hardly stop running at the fence. All the way home in the bus, all the way through the yard and down the hill, she could picture Jim plowing with the little girl in the yellow dress behind him in the furrow, and they would look up when Maybeth came. From the fence, she could see that Jim was plowing down at the far corner, where the land was lowest; he was almost through busting the upper field. She could just see the top of his head following Dick’s flapping ears up the slope. Maybeth crawled through the barbed wire and caught a snag in her dress. When she had pulled it free, and looked up, Jim was in full view on the higher ground, and he was alone.

Maybeth came slowly out of the maple shade into the hot sun. As she



“It’s as simple as two times two. We’re overproduced; they’ve got to overbuy.”



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crossed the rows, the clods made her stumble once or twice. She fell in behind him at last.

"I tore my dress. See?" she said, holding up the snagged hem.

He glanced back, the sweat big on his temples and catching the sun on his cheek. "Sho' did," he said. "You shorely did."

They were back beside the bluff before she asked, "How come your little girl didn't come today, Jim?"

He had stopped, with the plow in the new furrow, to cut himself a plug of tobacco. He jerked his kinky head toward the creek. "She down there," he said.

"Down there?"

"She shame to come till you come. She say she gwine set in the bushes and watch for you. She be comin' on in a minute now."

Maybeth ran to the edge of the bluff, among the honeysuckle vines, and stared and stared down toward the low willows along the creek bank, until their sharp spring green blurred in her eyes.

"Where, Jim, where?"

Jim hooked the lines over the plow handle. "Whoa, mule," he said. He walked away from her along the edge of the bluff and stood on the highest point, bigger than anything from sky to sky. He pointed.

"See," he said, and his tone was infinite. "Look yonder. She setting on the groun'. See. She done crossed her legs."

"Has she got on a—a yellow dress?"

"Yes'm! Yes'm! You sees her! You sees her sho'!"

"Is she sitting under that bigges' clump of willow, right over yonder? Sitting cross-legged?"

"Yes'm! That's right! By that bigges' clump."

"Sort of with one hand on the ground?"

"Yes, Ma'am! You sees her sho'!"

Then, in two strides, he was back at the plow. "She'll come. My little girl'll come. Gee, mule. She knows we done seen her, and she'll come. Gee up, sir!"

The plow ran into the earth, and Maybeth, still standing on the bluff, could hear from somewhere the creak of the harness, and the tearing of little roots as the soft ground was severed. She stood staring, and the green blur beyond the lower field fanned out and then closed together around the shape of something—was it something?—like a still image under the willow trees. Humming to himself, Jim Williams passed farther down the slope, but Maybeth stayed on the bluff, as motionless as the fluted honeysuckle bloom beside her hand and the willows across the lower field standing up in the windless air.

She saw something move under the willows.

Maybeth began to walk, and then she began to run, faster and faster. The rows, with their heavy chunks of clodded earth, flew beneath her, trying to trip her, to keep her from the hill and the white house on the hill and Mother.

She caught her breath a little in the yard, and then she went in and found Mother in the kitchen, drinking some water.

"Why, precious, why are you so hot?" Mother said. "Why did you come back from the field?"

How could you tell about the yellow dress and something coming alive beneath the willows? "I—I got hungry," said Maybeth.

Mother gave her a piece of cold corn bread and sent her out on the back steps. There was a sound around the corner of the house. A Bantam rooster stepped toward her on the flagstone walk. Maybeth jumped up, trembling, and flung the muffin to him and ran into the house, through one room and another.

"Mother!" she called. "Mother!"

"In here, honey."

When she came into the room, her mother looked up at her. Then she laid aside her darning basket and took Maybeth into her arms and rocked her in the rocking chair. —Elizabeth Spencer

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THE MOON IN YOUR HANDS

If you take the moon in your hands
and turn it round
(heavy, slightly tarnished platter),
you're there;

if you pull dry seaweed from the sand
and turn it round
and wonder at the underside's bright amber,
your eyes

look out as they did here
(you don't remember)
when my soul turned round,

perceiving the other side of everything,
mullein leaf, dogwood leaf, moth wing,
and dandelion seed under the ground.

—H. D.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

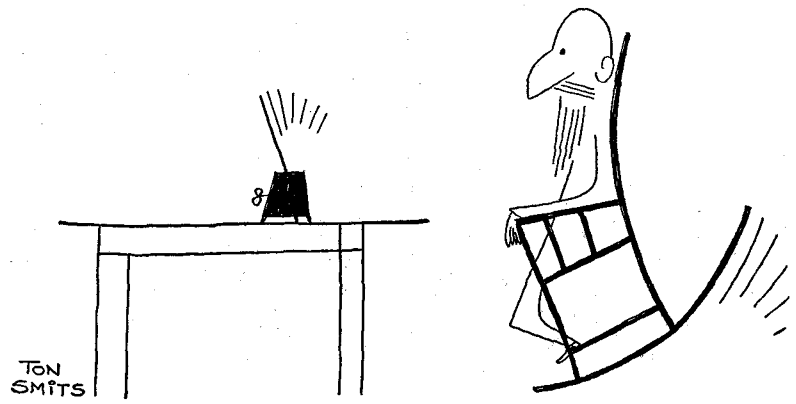
A STROLL IN THE GARDEN

AMONG the hundreds of scientists currently working at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton, Long Island, where atomic energy is being studied in its many phases, there are about a dozen botanists, and not one of them, to judge from my experience on a recent visit out there, has anything but kind words to say for nuclear radiation—at least insofar as it affects his chosen field of research. Working away in their small corner of this vast installation—and it is a small corner, representing only some five per cent of Brookhaven's operations—the botanists are in a position to realize more concretely than most of their colleagues just how radiation maims and destroys living organisms, but this in no way dims their singularly cheerful professional view of it. For radiation, with its power to raise havoc among genes and chromosomes, and thereby spawn mutations that alter all forms of life, is the clue to countless genetic mysteries, and at Brookhaven the scientists are able not only to observe its workings closely but to perform unprecedented experiments with it, often in a laboratory unique in the history of science—a carefully sealed-off ten-acre garden, where, from February to November, for all but a few hours of every day, a collection of trees, vines, shrubs, vegetables, grasses, and flowers is deliberately exposed to gamma rays emanating from a captive specimen of cobalt 60, a substance that is a powerful source of nuclear radiation.

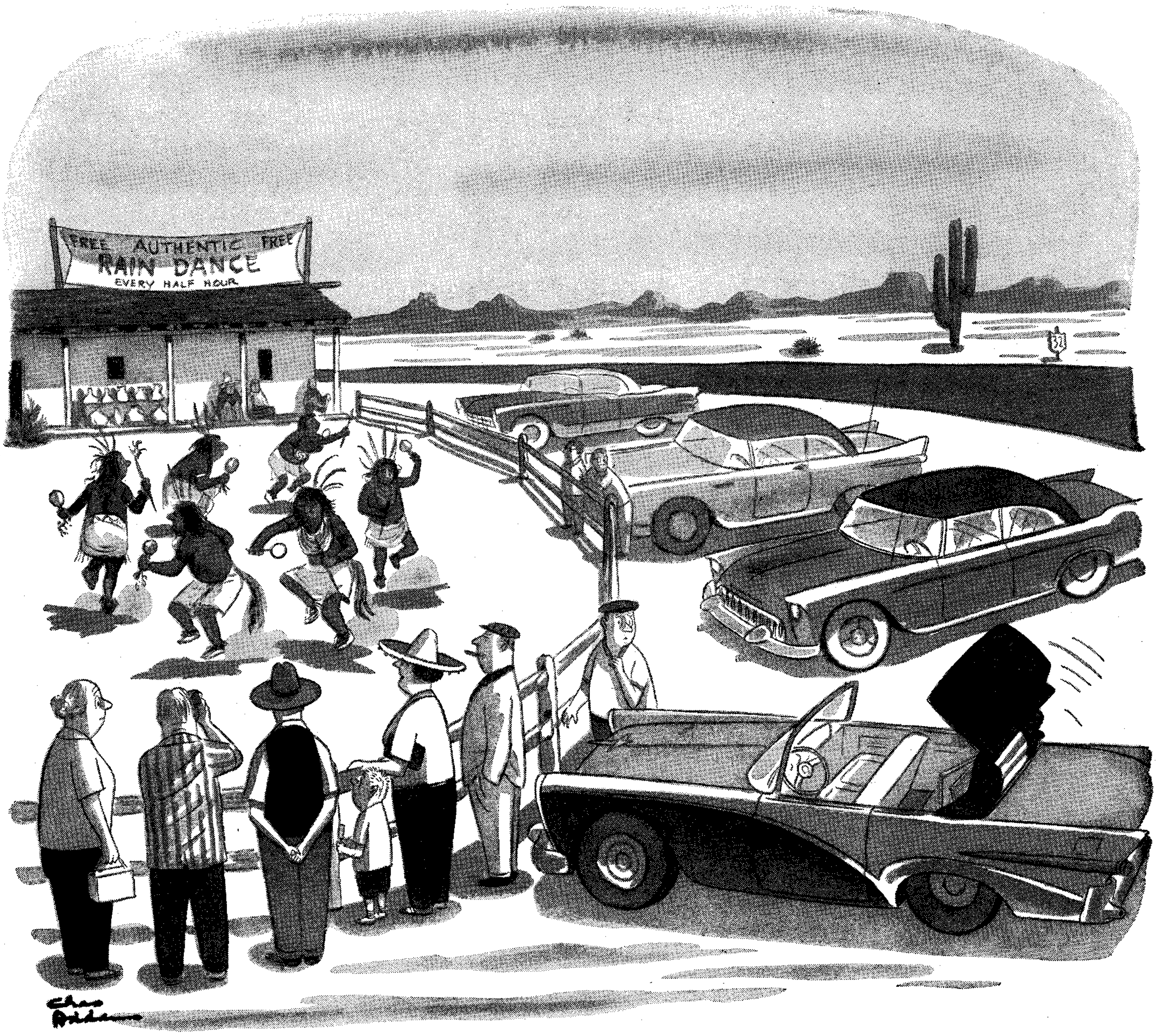
Rising to a height of nine feet near the center of this garden is a stainless-steel tube, four inches in diameter, which also extends four feet below the ground to a cinder-block pit. The cobalt 60, generally referred to as the "source," is encased in a cylindrical stainless-steel jacket—eighteen inches long and two inches in diameter, and with a four-inch-thick lead plug on top—that fits inside the tube and can be moved up and down inside it, like a piston, by a pulley system. Waiting to envelop the source when it is lowered to rest in the pit, and to absorb its rays as long as it remains there, is a cylindrical lead shield, eight inches thick. At four-thirty every afternoon during the spring, summer, and fall, after elaborate precautions have been taken to make certain that all visitors to the garden have departed, the source slowly emerges from its shield in the pit and rises to a point about four feet above the ground. There it remains during the night and the next morning, while its rays permeate every living thing within a radius of perhaps a hundred yards. Then, at one o'clock in the afternoon, it slips back down into its cinder-block chamber, relaxing its grip on the garden long enough to let the botanists move in and study the effects of its presence.

If the botanists, unlike the other scientists at Brookhaven, can experiment freely with the malignant, as well as benign, powers of radiation, the reason, of course, is that their victims are plants. As they roam about in their garden, their consciences need not be troubled at the sight of, say, a maple that, instead of serving as an erect and gracefully proportioned ornament to the landscape, stands stunted and malformed, with strangely convoluted, leathery leaves. While showing me some of Brookhaven's eerie botanical exhibits, Dr. Seymour Shapiro, coördinator of the laboratory's Radiation Mutations Program, remarked, "As far as I know, only one man—an Indian named Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, who wrote a book called 'The Irritability of Plants'—has ever maintained that plants can feel pain. And the evidence on which he based his claim has not inspired widespread support." The botanists do not hesitate to admit that their program involves large-scale destruction of life, since harmful mutations far outnumber helpful ones (for every mutation that may lead to an improvement of the strain, there are hundreds that render it weak or sterile or monstrous), and, as Shapiro, a reflective, pipe-smoking man of thirty-three who is rather given to understatement, put it, "Of course, a program of this sort would be out of the question for human beings, however beneficial it might be in the long run. With plants, though, we can go ahead just as we like. So far nobody has complained about the casualties."

The victims of the ritual in the garden are being sacrificed in a worthwhile and what many of the botanists believe to be an urgent cause—a campaign to produce and manipulate plant mutations in a way that will improve the various species for the benefit of mankind. A cereal grass that will stand up well against disease and frost, a flower of some rare hue, an uncommonly nutritious fruit from an uncommonly robust tree—it is this sort of thing that the botanists are searching for. Radiation, many experts believe, is the chief, if not the only, cause of mutations, and when it is concentrated and intensified, as in the garden, it drastically speeds up the process of evolution—essentially a process in which the relatively few beneficial mutations thrive and spread while the great mass of useless or retrogressive ones wither and die out. In the past, this process, stimulated only by the small and widely diffused amounts of natural radiation that are present in soil, air, and water, has moved at a pace so leisurely as to be almost imperceptible to man. Now the botanists at Brookhaven, with their ready access to the laboratory's sources of radiation, possess the means of forcing nature to hustle along, prematurely revealing her plans for the future. Compared to plants growing in accord with nature's dawdling timetable, the plants in the Brookhaven garden produce mutations in fantastic profusion. In one study made of corn, to cite a not unusual example, an examination of thirty-five thousand kernels taken from ears that had been exposed only to a natural dosage of radiation turned up eleven mutations, or not quite one in three thousand, while the corn grown in the Brookhaven garden showed one mutation for every ten kernels.



BROOKHAVEN, where the study of plant mutations has been under way since 1949, is so far the only institution in the United States to have undertaken a large-scale pro-



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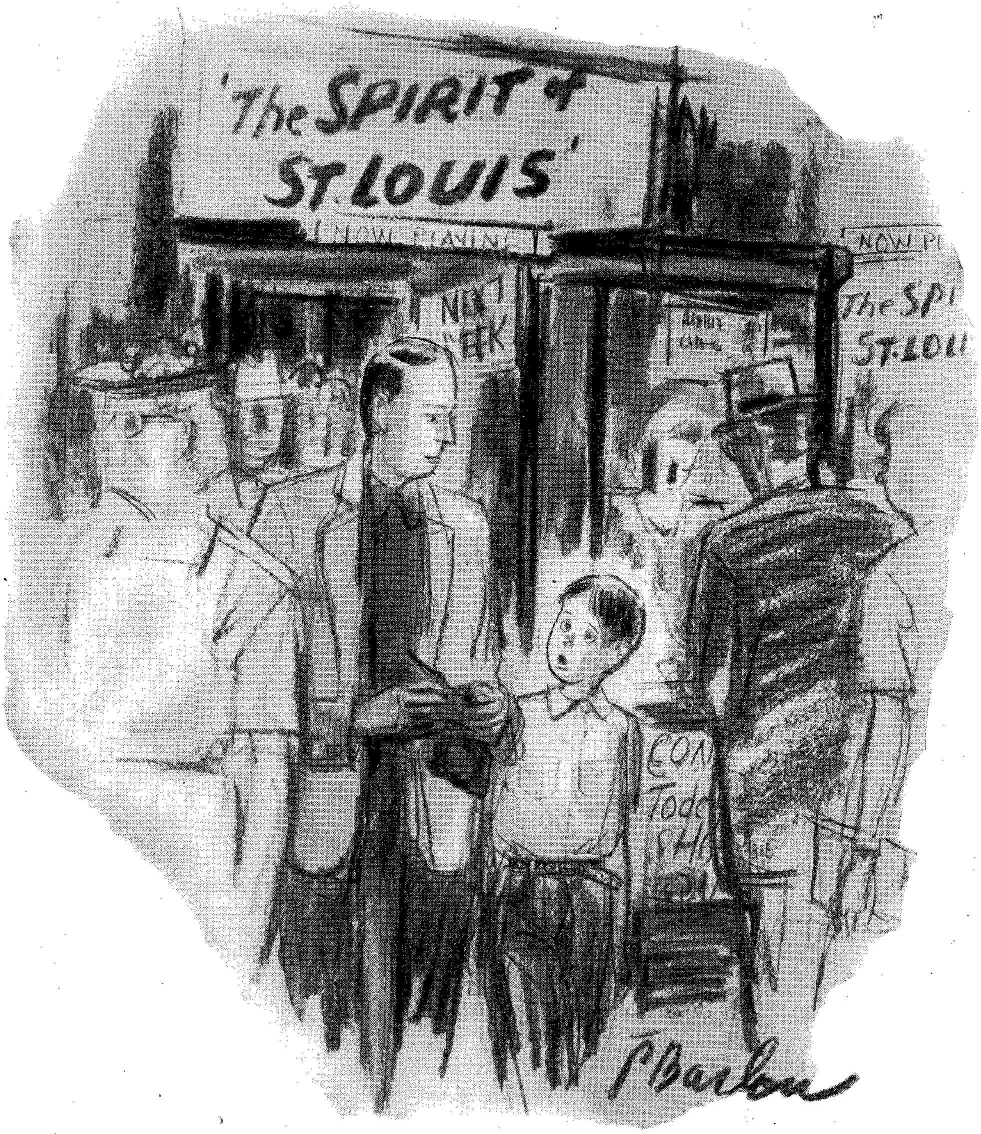
gram of this sort. (The University of Tennessee's School of Agriculture recently embarked on a similar project at Oak Ridge, but at present the scope of the work being done there is comparatively modest.) Word of the novel botanical doings in the heart of Long Island has spread, and in consequence horticultural-minded agencies and researchers in many parts of the world have been sending in seeds and plants, or cuttings of plants, with the request that these be given a strategic place in the Brookhaven garden. The botanists in charge of the garden—or "gamma field," as they call it—are delighted to hear from these correspondents, whom they refer to as coöperators. Owing largely to climatic differences, it is sometimes impractical to install a coöperator's contribution in the garden, and in that case the botanists insert it in Brookhaven's giant reactor, or nuclear furnace, and leave it there for as long as five hours, after which it is set out in one of a number of greenhouses that form a less spectacular portion of the botanists' domain. Among the foreign coöperators whose entries have received the reactor treatment are a botanist in Thailand, who submitted some seeds of the native rubber plant and expressed the hope that radiation would help bring forth a strain more resistant to disease; another botanist, in Pakistan, who mailed in some jute seeds, along with a note to the effect that taller-growing jute would be much appreciated; and a third, in Italy, who wrote that growers of almonds in his part of the country were eager to get hold of a species that would ripen earlier, and sent along some cuttings from their trees to find out what might be done about it.

Up against problems like these, the botanists at Brookhaven are reluctant to make unqualified predictions about the results of their work. They prefer to wait until the returns are in, and most of these will not be in for some time, since the artificial development of mutations, though breathtakingly swift by nature's standards, still depends on the speed at which plants grow. The fact is that while a few hours in the reactor or a few weeks in the garden may result in striking changes in the appearance of a plant, this is only the first step in what is bound to be an extended period of experimentation. The changes that the botanists are most deeply interested in are the invisible and still largely inexplicable changes in the plant's chromosomes and genes, which affect heredity—the plants of the future. So the botanists are methodically taking cuttings from the trees, shrubs, and grasses in the gamma field, planting them in non-irradiated fields, and giving mutations a chance to emerge. "Visitors sometimes seem impatient when we explain that we haven't been in business long enough to report much in the way of achievement," Shapiro told me. "They expect something sensational overnight. Outsize fruit—that's what many of them want to see, and see right away, as if we could raise a whole new generation of trees in a few weeks! Everyone seems to be hankering for an apple as big as a basketball. What's wrong with the lunch-pail size we've got?"

While the botanists are cautious about forecasts, it is evident that many of them feel the discovery of a way to accelerate evolution hasn't come along a moment too soon, and this feeling sometimes leads them to provide a glimpse, at least, of what they hope to accomplish. One of the Brookhaven men I met, for instance—a young geneticist named Calvin Konzak—appeared to be convinced that the prospects for agriculture in general are far from bright, and that its salvation depends on the speed with which radiation is able to come to the rescue. In Dr. Konzak's opinion, a serious consequence of today's large-scale farming techniques, which devote immense areas of land to a single variety of a single crop, in contrast to nature's way of intermingling a wide variety of plants, is that the world is rapidly running out of plant strains strong enough to resist disease. "There's an imbalance between predator and prey," he told me. "Those great belts of wheat or corn are easy marks for the attack of certain fungi. The resiliency of nature—or of nature as it is now constituted—is being steadily sapped, and agronomists have all they can do to fend off the constantly increasing hordes of pests, without looking ahead to the development of improved varieties of plants. They're like the Dutch boy who had to keep his finger in the dike." In this country alone, he added, crops valued at over three billion dollars are being lost to fungi each year. But now, I gathered, it is beginning to look as if man might be granted more than a mere reprieve, for artificial radiation has begun to produce mutations that are either immune to some of the most virulent scourges or sturdy enough to hold their own against them. Specifically, Konzak told me, a number of cereal seeds—cereals are his specialty—have in recent months yielded strains that show every indication of being able to withstand such killers as Victoria blight, a root-rotting parasite, and stem rust, which weakens plants to the point where they topple over. "And radiation may help us do something else, too," Konzak went on. "It may help us remodel crops. Radiation breaks up chromosomes, and that could permit some pretty improbable unions. Wild grass and common wheat, for instance. Who knows what kind of offspring they might generate? Perhaps a food we have no conception of today." He paused for a moment, and then said reflectively, "With radiation, you see, we can help nature along—guiding her to do the things that need doing but that we can't do ourselves. No matter how much remodelling we attempt, we'll always need nature herself. She's our source—our raw material. We can't create something out of nothing."

To a certain extent, Konzak's work is being complemented by that of one of his colleagues—Dr. Erwin Schwinghamer, a tall, spare man of thirty-six whose field is plant pathology. As he sees it, in the long run—the very long run—it won't help much to bring forth strains of crop plants that are impervious to existing forms of fungi if nothing is done to anticipate the new strains of fungi that may be hatching. Dr. Schwinghamer, therefore, is currently spending his time applying radiation techniques to fungi, in an effort to determine those species in which mutations occur most frequently, since they are the ones best equipped to catch healthy crops off guard. "We've stopped waiting helplessly for enemy organisms to make the next move in their own sweet time," he told me. "With the aid of radiation, we hope to reach the point where they will do it when we want them to."

While most of the Brookhaven botanists, like Konzak and Schwinghamer, clearly still have a considerable distance to go before they can announce any great triumphs, a few of them—mainly those who are concerned with



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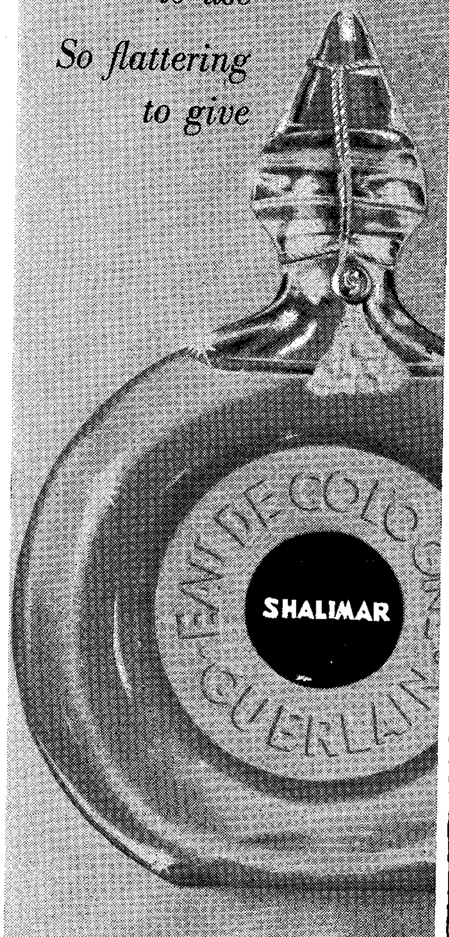

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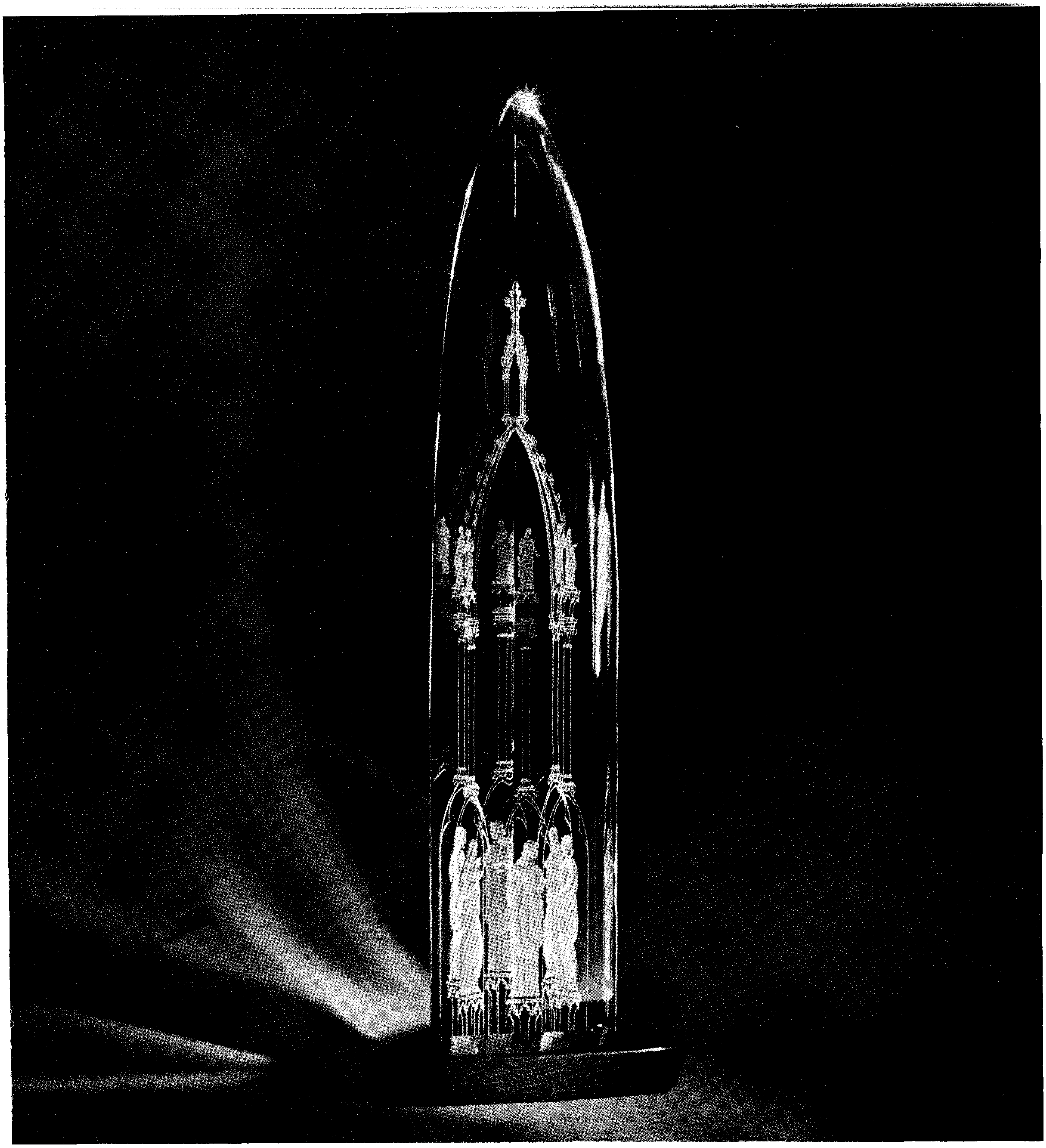
the immediate results of radiation, rather than with the potential workings of mutation—are in the satisfying position of having completed at least one of the many studies involved in the program. Among these fortunate individuals is Lloyd Schairer, a twenty-nine-year-old radiation technician, and on a table in his office in the Brookhaven Biology Building—the headquarters of the program—he laid out for me a demonstration of his success, in the form of three potatoes. In 1953, Schairer became a member of a team of Brookhaven scientists who set out to confirm a theory that a limited dose of radiation would substantially increase the length of time that potatoes could be stored without deteriorating. His three potatoes reveal, as dramatically as potatoes can reveal anything, that this is a scientific fact. One of the three is little more than a tangle of whitish sprouts massed on the shrunken remnant of a potato. Another is obviously no longer edible, either, for while it is not quite so shrunken, it is similarly matted with sprouts, and its body is flaccid. The third potato—the pride and joy of Schairer and his teammates—might easily get by on the vegetable stall of a busy market. It is a trifle shrivelled, but it has no sprouts and is still far from squashy. This potato, Schairer explained, owes its relatively dapper condition to a sojourn of forty-eight hours in the botanists' garden, close enough to the cobalt 60 to receive ten thousand roentgens; this treatment stopped the growth of sprouts, which, essential though they are to the underground germination of the plant, are ruinous to a potato in storage, feeding on its starches and reducing it to pulp. The so-so specimen, Schairer went on, had spent the same amount of time in the garden but farther away from the cobalt 60; its dosage had been five thousand roentgens. The third potato hadn't been anywhere near the garden. All three had been kept for the last two years in the same dark cellar, at a temperature of forty-two degrees.

In one sense, however, Schairer and his colleagues, hopeful though they appear to be that they have spared potato wholesalers of the future the high cost of refrigerated storage, aren't entirely out of the woods, for the Food and Drug Administration requires that irradiated foods be tested on animals for a minimum of three years before it will consider approving them for human consumption. So far, no irradiated foods have been through the complete round of tests, but the Army Quartermaster Corps, faced with the problem of supplying potatoes to overseas military outposts, has shown a lively interest in the Brookhaven discovery, and is now feeding irradiated potatoes to dogs and rats. The animals seem to be doing fine, and Schairer believes that in the end his team's technique will be given a clean bill of health. "They're not bad—the tubers in this group," he said, lightly tapping the ten-thousand-roentgen potato with a forefinger. "I've tasted a couple of them. No ill effects whatever, and their flavor stands up very well."

ORNAMENTAL flowers are being studied intensively at Brookhaven, and lay visitors to the laboratory tend to show more interest in what is being done with them than in the scientists' work with prosaic plants like corn and potatoes. From time to time, visiting congressmen are taken around on an inspection tour, and it is not until their guide reaches into a refrigerator and presents each of them with a boutonnière from an irradiated plant that they seem to feel they are really getting the jump on history. Carnations, in particular, have received a great deal of attention at Brookhaven, which may be attributable to the fascination these flowers have long held for Professor Gustav Mehlquist, a horticulturist on the faculty of the University of Connecticut, who has, over the last thirty years, been conducting experiments with the cross-breeding of plants—a few years ago, after prolonged trial and error, he produced a sturdy pure-yellow carnation—and who has been taking an active interest in many of the Brookhaven projects.

I heard about Mehlquist from a former student of his who is now a Brookhaven staff botanist—Dr. Yoneo Sagawa, a Hawaiian-born Japanese-American. Every week or ten days, Sagawa told me, as he was showing me through some of the laboratory's greenhouses, he loads the back seat of one of the laboratory's cars with irradiated carnations or larkspur and drives over to the Connecticut campus, at Storrs, to show them to his friend and talk over further experiments. Their most striking achievement in the Brookhaven garden, Sagawa said, has been to make two different carnations—a red blossom called the William Sim, after its originator, and a white one called the White Sim—appear on the same plant. Left to their own devices, Sagawa explained, red and white carnations rarely share a single plant—so rarely, indeed, that only once in approximately a dec-



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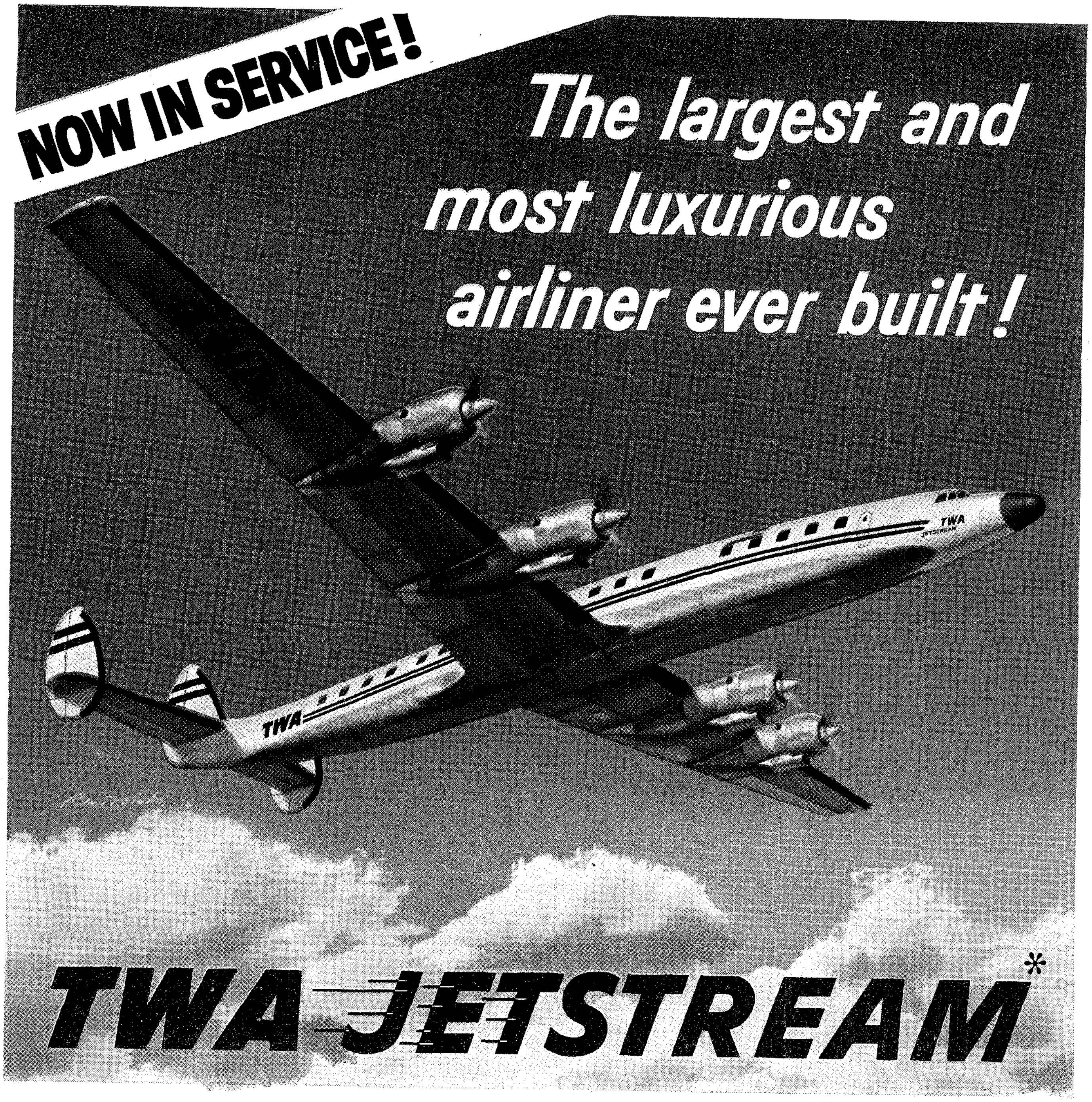
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ade does someone spot a mutation of this kind, even though about two hundred million of the plants are raised every year in the United States alone, mostly by professional horticulturists, who are naturally on the lookout for just such phenomena. But it's an altogether different story at Brookhaven, where in the past three years six of these two-colored specimens have turned up among not quite a thousand carnation plants set out in the radiation garden.

Offhand, Sagawa said, he supposed that developing a plant bearing blossoms of different colors might strike a layman as a rather aimless stunt, but, as a matter of fact, the achievement was part of a large project that has very broad implications. Not only has it led to a better understanding of the transmission of color among plants but it has added to the fund of knowledge about genetic changes in general. Three years of thinking and experimenting went into the Sim project, Sagawa told me. It all began when he and Mehlquist noticed that if White Sims that had not yet blossomed were exposed to radiation, eighty per cent of them eventually produced red flowers—William Sims. Very odd, the two friends agreed. Mutation could not be the answer, since even among irradiated carnation plants color mutations occur no oftener than once in a hundred cases. So Mehlquist and Sagawa had to start pretty much from scratch. The color of a flower, they knew, is determined by the genes in the outermost layer of the plant's tissue. Since White Sims that had not been exposed to radiation almost never produced anything but white blossoms, the genes in the outer tissue of the undoctored plants were obviously of the white variety. But since so many irradiated White Sims produced William Sims, they concluded that there must be red genes somewhere in the plants'

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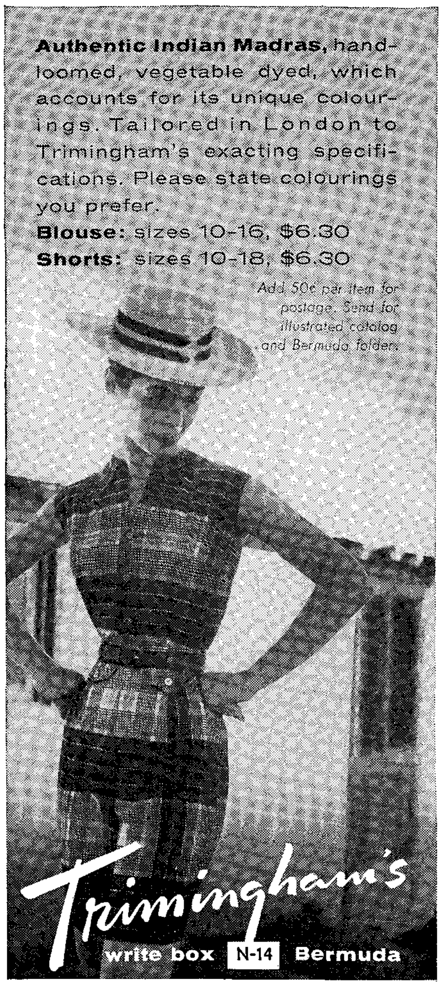
tissue and that somehow these genes had taken over the role of color determination. How had this happened? That was the problem. As a first step toward solving it, the two collaborators established by experiment that radiation could destroy the outer layer of tissue without damaging the layer immediately beneath it. Then they turned their attention to the behavior of the cells in the second layer. "Weeks and weeks of research," Sagawa recalled, gazing absently at some African violets. "Sitting in front of a microscope day after day and staring at section after section of stem, sliced transparently thin, and watching the healthy inner cells gradually replace the dying outer tissue. And at last, one fine morning, we saw red petals peeking out of the calyx of one of the White Sims we'd been studying." Turning away from the violets, Sagawa said, "The experiment showed us a number of things. It showed us just how those red genes took over. It showed us that some of the White Sims were highly sensitive to radiation; their outer tissue died, and they produced red flowers. Other, stronger plants, relatively insensitive to radiation, kept producing white flowers. And still others—sensitive here, insensitive there—produced both. We've got one of those strange plants here now. Let me show it to you."

I followed Sagawa into an adjoining greenhouse, and there, in a clay flowerpot set between pots containing dandelions and Easter lilies, was the plant. Sure enough, a scarlet William Sim carnation had blossomed near the top of its tall, slender stem, and about halfway down was a White Sim. As my companion considerately stepped aside to give me an unimpeded view of this masterwork, a feeling of self-consciousness came over me. His attitude toward the plant, I knew, was essentially scientific, and I was sure he did not think me qualified to appreciate it on that basis; at the same time, I felt that some polite display of admiration, however perfunctory, was expected of me, and, to my embarrassment, I found myself incapable of making it. To me, the plant seemed freakish to the point of absurdity. (I have never cared much for carnations anyway; I've always considered them puffy, excessively petalled flowers, and associated them with the lapels of floorwalkers.) Gradually, though, this perverse reaction subsided—dispelled in large measure, I suspect, by the atmosphere of the greenhouse itself, with its soft, uneven earth floor, the rich smell of damp soil issuing from its flowerpots,



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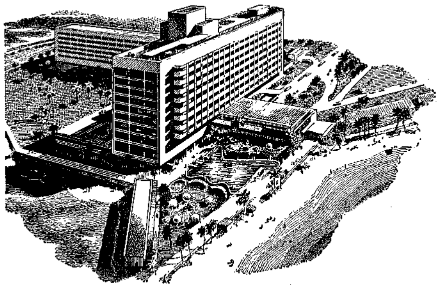

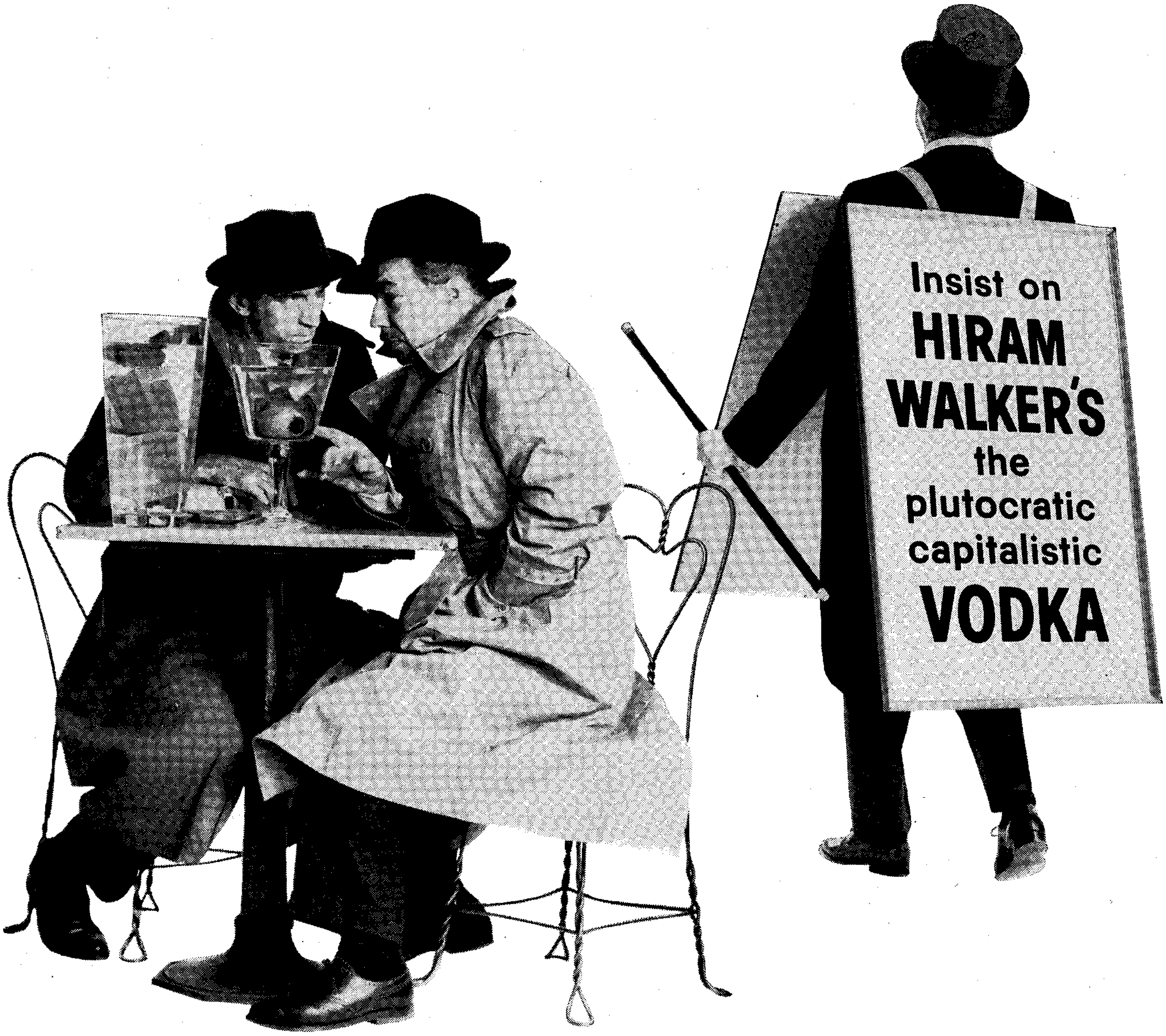
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and the drowsy warmth of the sun pouring through its glass roof. It occurred to me that I might well be standing in the presence of a symbol of the most peaceful use of atomic energy yet dreamed of, and I found a certain pleasure in the realization that I had involuntarily applied aesthetic standards to a product of nuclear radiation. I don't know what Sagawa was thinking while I stood there, silent and unmoving, but when at last I nodded approvingly, he said, in a patient tone that enhanced the serenity of the moment, "It isn't something that the average gardener can grow in his back yard. But from experimental work of this kind we have already acquired knowledge that should enable us to achieve new shades of color in flowers. And it is only a matter of time, I believe, before amateur gardeners will begin to enjoy some of the benefits of our work."

Brookhaven's botanical program may still be in its infancy from the scientists' point of view, but to an outsider who visits its garden it would appear that a great deal has already been achieved. That, at any rate, was my impression when, soon after my walk through the greenhouses with Sagawa, Shapiro drove me out to have a look at it and we spent an hour or so wandering about among its ten acres of plant life. He had proposed that, as a prelude to our visit, we have lunch in the Brookhaven cafeteria, a plan to which I readily agreed. While we were eating, I chanced to mention Sagawa's account of the long struggle to find out the reason for the William Sim blossoms on White Sim plants, and Shapiro asked, "Did he tell you how his two-colored carnation plants once played a part—a very minor one, I grant you—in relations between this country and Russia?" When I shook my head, Shapiro said that the incident had taken place during the First International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, at Geneva, in August, 1955. There was to be a series of national exhibits in the Palais des Nations—the old League of Nations headquarters—and the Atomic Energy Commission had called upon the botanists at Brookhaven to provide a display devoted to plant genetics, as part of the American exhibit. "We thought first of putting up a set of photomurals," Shapiro continued, "but then we decided that that would be lifeless. Life is what we deal in, so we finally settled on displaying the four William-and-White Sims we had on hand at the time. At

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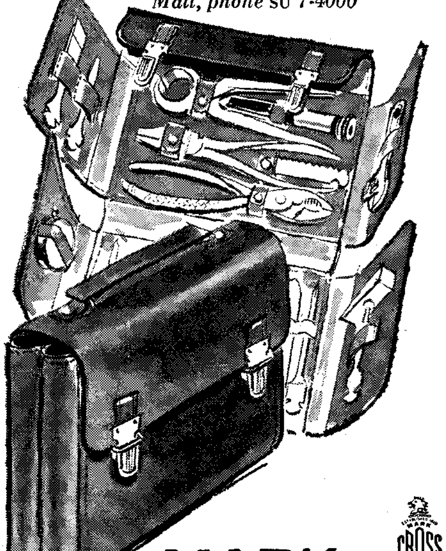

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once, we began to run into difficulties, consisting mostly of red tape. For example, I asked the A.E.C. to find out whether the Swiss had any regulation against bringing carnations into their country. I gathered that the A.E.C. would pass the question along to the State Department, which would communicate it to the Swiss Embassy, which would pass it along to the Swiss Department of Agriculture back home. Well, I'm still waiting for an answer from the A.E.C. After weeks had gone by without any word, I called up the Swiss Consulate in New York and was put through to an agricultural attaché, who gave me the answer right off. He said sure, carnations were all right; the only thing the Swiss were worried about in the plant line was a grape disease that was prevalent in California. Then it occurred to me that maybe *our* plant-quarantine people would object to our bringing the carnations back into this country. Yes, it appeared that they would. They were leery of plants that had had an opportunity to pick up diseases in foreign soil. Well, that took some thinking, but we came up with what we hoped was a solution. We offered to ship some of our Brookhaven soil to the American Consulate in Geneva and to repot them in that whenever necessary. The plants, we claimed, would then technically never leave American soil. The plant-quarantine people had to agree that our plan was foolproof."

Shapiro went on to say that he had flown over ahead of time to arrange for the billeting of the carnations at night, and had succeeded in finding them splendid quarters in a Geneva cold-storage vault, which they shared with cheeses, eggs, and meats. The show at the Palais des Nations lasted fourteen days, and for most of that time the Sims gave an excellent account of themselves. Shapiro had brought along a scale model of the Brookhaven garden, with a miniature reproduction of the source, which he or an assistant kept cranking up and down, and while it aroused considerable interest, he thinks the carnations drew a larger and more sympathetic crowd. "Everybody knows what a flower and a leaf and a stem are," he told me. "Maybe people couldn't see any connection between our flowers and the atom, but they certainly seemed to like our show." Among those who seemed to like the show were a number of Russian botanists who kept coming back for another look but invariably voiced the suspicion that the William Sims had merely been grafted onto the White Sim plants, and

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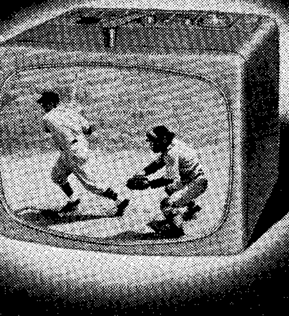

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that radiation had played no part in the process.

"Four days before the end of the conference, a truckman who was returning the plants to their vault for the night dropped one of the pots and broke the William Sim off the stalk," Shapiro recalled. "Then, two days later, by coincidence, all the remaining Sims' blossoms died. With the flowers gone, there wasn't any point in keeping the plants in cold storage any more, so we moved them over to a greenhouse in the Geneva Botanical Garden. A couple of days before we were due to go home, I had an idea. I cabled Brookhaven for permission to give those doubting Russians two of the plants. The O.K. came through just as the Russian botanists were packing up to leave, and I looked up one of them—a pleasant, baggy-trousered young fellow named Chirchov—and asked him if he'd like a couple of our carnation plants. He said he certainly would, so I drove him to the greenhouse and handed him the two pots. I didn't want Chirchov and his colleagues returning to Russia with nothing but notes on what we'd accomplished. The plants themselves would give the Russians a much clearer and more lasting impression of our work. Maybe by now they've subjected those plants to anatomical, physiological, and biochemical tests, or maybe, as I hope, they believed us, and instead of destroying the plants in order to perform autopsies on them, they just left them alone for a year, until they blossomed again, producing their Williams and their Whites. I've been meaning to write Chirchov and find out exactly what they did do with them. I have the address of his lab around somewhere. It's not too far from Moscow, as I recall. I remember thinking it must be about the same distance from Moscow as Brookhaven is from New York."

AFTER lunch, Shapiro and I got in his car and headed for the garden, which lies about two miles from the Biology Building, in a remote stretch of the laboratory grounds, and presents anything but a hospitable exterior to the world. People who drive along the road leading to the site are brought up short while they are still a good five city blocks from it by a yellow sign, lettered in black: "RADIATION—DANGER—STAY AWAY!" The garden itself is surrounded by an eight-foot chain-link fence, with barbed wire on top, which is broken only by a shack that serves as the entrance and as a shelter

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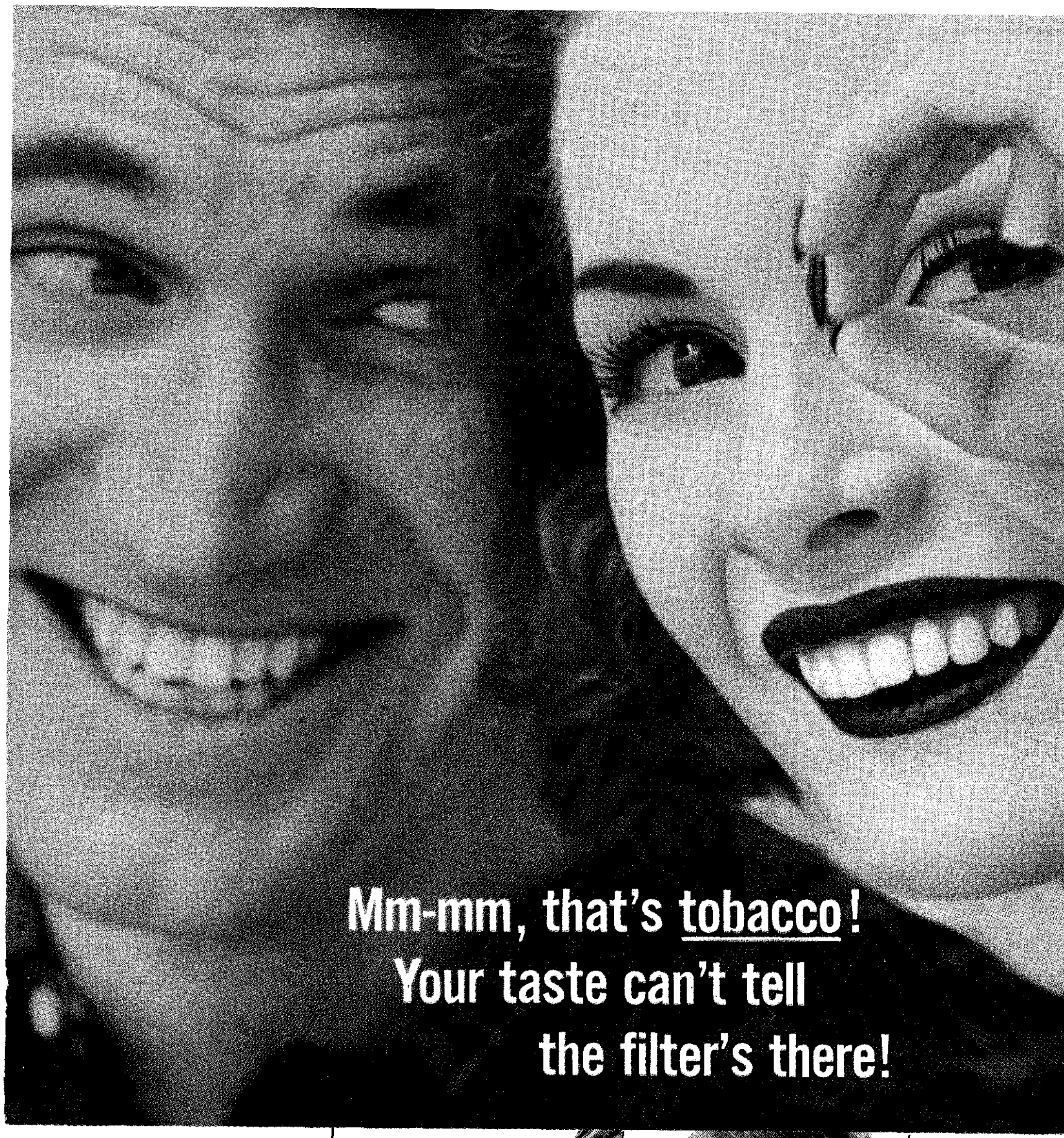
for the mechanism that raises and lowers the source in its tube, some five hundred and fifty feet away. This is a hand winch, and from it a cable runs underground nearly to the base of the stainless-steel tube, then up alongside the tube and through a pulley, and finally down to the cylinder holding the cobalt 60.

In compliance with a Brookhaven regulation applicable to all who enter the garden, Shapiro and I, upon reaching the shack, each attached to one of our lapels a small badge containing a strip of film, which would be developed after we left the garden and would show how much radiation, if any, we had been exposed to. When I remarked that this didn't seem to be much of a precaution, he told me not to worry—there was a whole system of safeguards aimed at minimizing the chances of accident. Only one man—Frank German, the Biology Department's field and greenhouse supervisor—is authorized to raise and lower the source, he said. The winch has spokes, and to prevent anybody else from monkeying with the crank, German simply inserts a bar through the spokes and snaps a padlock through a hole in the bar, thereby immobilizing the whole mechanism. Shapiro showed me the winch, with the bar held firmly in place by German's padlock. There were other holes in the bar, and he explained that each botanist has a padlock of his own, which, as a self-protective measure, he is required to fasten to the bar before going out into the garden; this arrangement makes it certain that if he should be overcome by heatstroke or if German's watch should run fast—to suggest only two of many possibilities—the source cannot be raised until he is safely back. Shapiro pointed out the scientists' padlocks to me—a couple of dozen of them hanging on a wall, each with its owner's initials painted on it and each with a key in it. In addition to serving its primary purpose, he said, the multiple-padlock system takes a big load off German's mind, for when four-thirty rolls around, he can be sure that if his is the only padlock remaining on the bar, it is safe to go ahead and crank the winch, bringing the source aboveground.

Shapiro said he liked to think the padlock system was foolproof, although he realized that, human fallibility being what it is, nobody could conceivably anticipate every contingency. As a matter of fact, he went on, human fallibility is responsible for one of the few disadvantages of the system that have come to light thus far. "On afternoons when Frank comes in to raise the source and finds one of our men's padlocks still on the bar, he immediately goes out in the garden to look for him," he said. "But sometimes there's no one there. That's when a man has forgotten to take his lock off the bar and put it back on the wall before leaving. Frank really has a time of it then, trying to track the fellow down, so that he can raise the source. He has a set of duplicate keys in a jar in his office over in the Biology Building, but, like everybody else around here, he dreads the outside chance of error—maybe the missing man was out in the garden after all, behind a tree or bending down to examine a shrub—and he doesn't go near the jar until he knows definitely where the man is. What's more, the jar is sealed, because we don't want to make it too easy for Frank, or for anybody else, to get at those duplicates. You know how it is—people are likely to grow careless about such things after a while. Well, if Frank finally finds out that the man who forgot about his padlock has gone off for the weekend, or something of the sort, then and only then does he smash the jar."

On the floor of the shack were two boxes—an old insulated icebox, and a smaller box, made of heavy concrete. Lifting the lid of the icebox, Shapiro brought out a Geiger counter. "Optional equipment," he said. "Some people think I'm finicky, but I always take it along." Then, raising the lid of the second box, he produced a tiny fragment of cobalt 60 embedded in a thick shield of transparent pink Lucite. The cobalt, a bit of silvery metal, reminded me of a fishline sinker. "We have to keep checking on our checks," Shapiro told me. "This sample of cobalt gives off ten milliroentgens an hour through its shield, and that's what the counter should read if it's working properly." He held the two objects near each other, staring intently at the needle on the counter's dial. "O.K.," he said after a moment. "Ten it is." He put the sample back in its box, and, taking his padlock down from its place on the wall, snapped it on the bar and turned toward the door leading to the garden. Then he paused to point out to me that the door had no knob on the inside. It could be pushed open from the shack, he explained, but only when the source was resting underground; as soon as the source was raised, a bolt rigged to the winch automatically slid into a locked position, where it remained until the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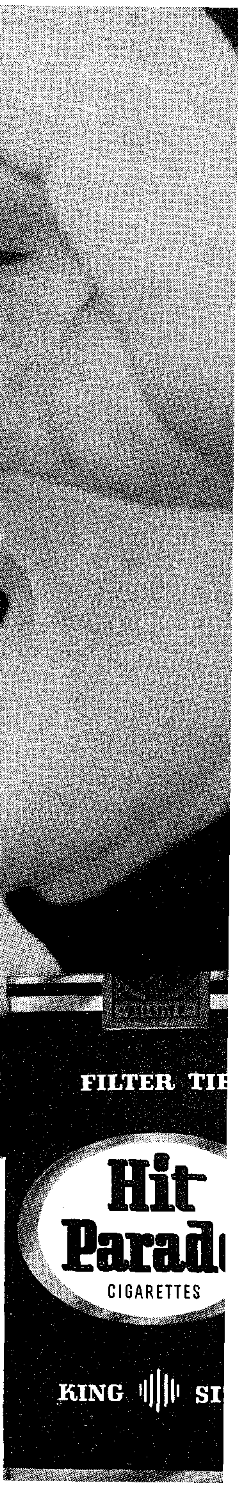
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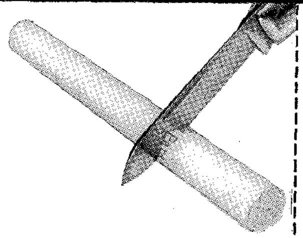

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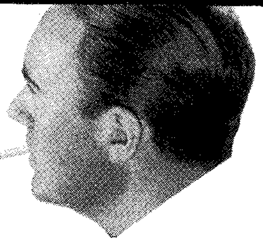

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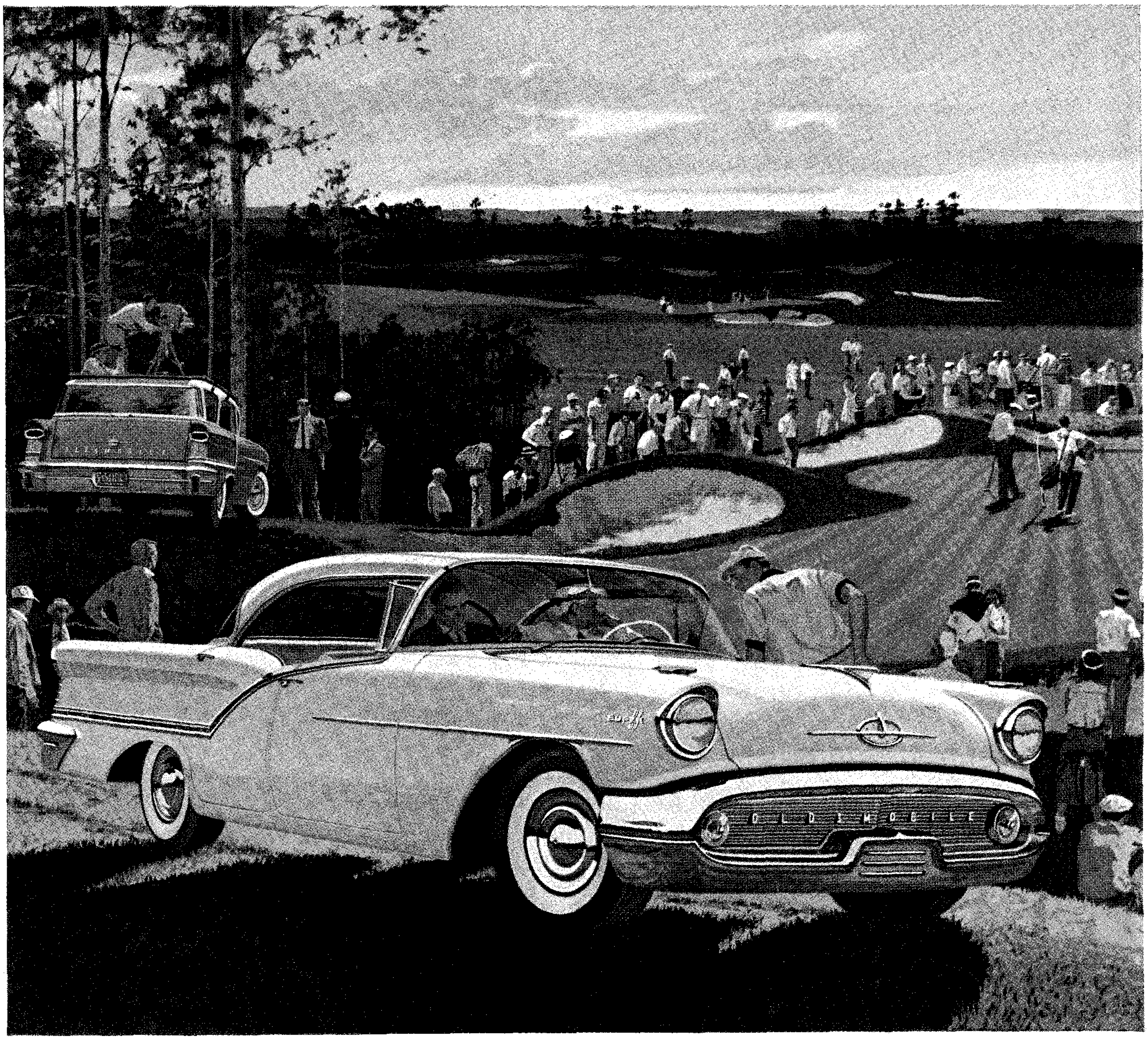

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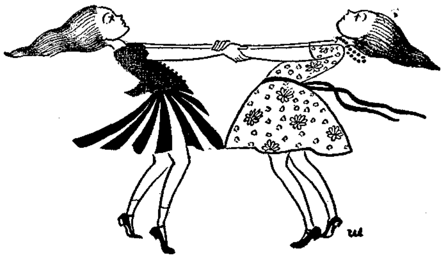
SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER source was lowered again. “Well, I guess we’re all set for our stroll,” he said, leaning his weight against the door and ushering me out into the garden.

“BLUEBERRIES from Rutgers, redbud trees from the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, sour cherries from Penn State,” Shapiro announced, with an expansive sweep of his arm, as we stood just outside the shack, looking at the growing things around us. It was a hot early-summer day, with a cloudless sky, and the garden was approaching full bloom. The steady chirping of crickets sounded shrilly through the shimmering heat, and perched on a branch near the top of one of Penn State’s sour-cherry trees was a thrush, pecking unconcernedly at the irradiated unripe fruit. Insects and birds, Shapiro said, are more vulnerable than plants to radiation, but not nearly as vulnerable as man. Embryonic tissue, though, is something else again; no matter what the form of life, it is highly sensitive to radiation. Indicating a patch of grass some distance away, he told me that a pair of killdeer had nested there the previous spring and produced a clutch of eggs. The botanists had wondered whether they would hatch. They did, but ten days late. The young birds seemed lively and healthy, and eventually the whole family—parents and young—flew away, apparently in the pink. “I don’t know about those fledglings,” Shapiro remarked amiably. “Maybe when they’re full grown, it will turn out that we’ve added to the whooping-crane population.”

The stainless-steel tube gleamed dully in the sunlight, and we began walking toward it slowly, stopping here and there to examine instances of floral aberration. Underfoot, daisies and clover were growing wild—mere weeds, as far as the official program is concerned, although if some unexpected mutation should be found among them, it would not be neglected. Near the perimeter of the garden, the plants looked normal, but closer to the tube there were indications—increasingly grotesque—that radiation had been at work. Trees squatted near the ground, like bushes, their gnarled branches tipped with bulbous growths. Stooping



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over a strawberry plant—a University of New Hampshire entry—Shapiro fingered some of its leaves, which were of a leathery texture, yet extremely brittle, and then picked one of its berries and, straightening up, thrust it into my hand. It was like no strawberry I had ever seen before—a lopsided, many-lobed blob of matter that had nothing but color in common with the familiar heart-shaped berry—and it felt curiously repulsive. We passed some tobacco plants whose leaves, half an inch wide instead of the normal six inches, might well cause a cigar maker to start learning another trade in a hurry. A number of fairly common plants had been so warped that they had become totally unrecognizable. "Look at that bush over there," Shapiro said. "It's a lilac, but even an expert wouldn't recognize it. A lilac's leaves are usually triangular. See how rounded these are? And how mottled?"

Leaving the shrub that had once been a lilac, we passed a clump of forsythia, from Harvard's Arnold Arboretum. On its leaves radiation had had a different effect; instead of the characteristic toothed edges, there were occasional deep forkings. Near the forsythia stood a stunted Norway maple that had been planted for the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Autumn was already at hand for this tree; its leaves had turned reddish. "A little early in the baseball season for that color, don't you think?" Shapiro observed, with a smile. "Those are sugar maples over there. They come from the University of Vermont, and their leaves are about to turn, too. We ought to have some really vivid October foliage here in a week or two." Next, we came upon the Rutgers blueberries—a patch of bushes bearing unripe fruit whose grayish-green skin was taut with youth. Both the bushes and their berries looked healthy enough to me, but Shapiro said there was something very peculiar about them, for growing on the same stems with the berries were many of the small white flowers of the blueberry plant. "That's most unusual," he told me. "Blueberry plants develop a stage at a time, but here we have two stages occurring simultaneously—berries starting to ripen while the bushes are still producing flowers. Radiation has upset their cycle. And notice how low the bushes are—about a third the height of normal blueberry bushes in this general area. It's remarkable that a plant whose growth has been so drastically impaired can go on producing fruit, isn't it? Well, that's just an illustration of nature's inflexible will to survive."

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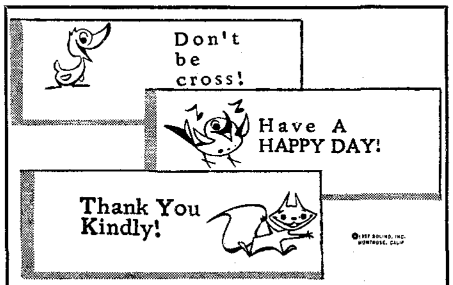

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Some sixty feet from the tube, we encountered an even more stubborn illustration of nature's will to survive. This was an apple tree, from the State Agricultural Experiment Station, at Geneva, New York, that was completely bare of foliage, its leaf buds having been killed by radiation. I had never seen a deader-looking tree, but Shapiro assured me that it was by no means dead. Food that it had stored up in its roots, he said, was keeping it alive, and it would continue to grow—its branches thickening just as if nothing untoward had happened to it—until the food was gone. "If that tree should survive long enough to sprout new leaves and buds, it would probably yield a bonanza of mutations," he said, staring hopefully at the bleak object. Then he pointed out a few apple trees a couple of yards farther away from the source. They were a much less sorry lot; their branches were marred by wartlike swellings, to be sure, but they had leaves and fruit. "An odd thing happened here a couple of years ago," Shapiro said as we continued toward the center of the garden. "Somebody walked off with some apples that were growing on one of those trees. It was a plain case of thievery. We notified the police, but they got nowhere. I doubt whether those apples had been sufficiently exposed to hurt anyone, but the mystery still puzzles me. Who could it have been? Small boys? There aren't any within miles. Visiting scientists? Maybe it was just someone who felt he had to taste forbidden fruit."

Surrounding the tube, for a distance of about fifteen feet, was a patch of scorched earth—barren and brown in a garden otherwise teeming with vegetation. "This close to the source nothing survives for very long," Shapiro told me. "We've deliberately put plants here just to see how long they would keep alive, and it's always been the same story—death in less than a week." Along the edge of the bare patch were a group of plants that were going to be spared this fate. These were young blueberry, strawberry, and peach plants, set out in pails. Shapiro explained that they had just been put in their extremely vulnerable positions and would be left there for perhaps two days, to get them started on their irradiated lives.

The tube itself towered above a platform of boards covering the pit where the cobalt 60 and its accoutrements lay. As we stepped onto the platform, Shapiro glanced at his Geiger counter; the needle didn't move. The steel cable, an eighth of an inch thick, rose beside us, barely an inch away from the tube, from a crack between two of the boards,

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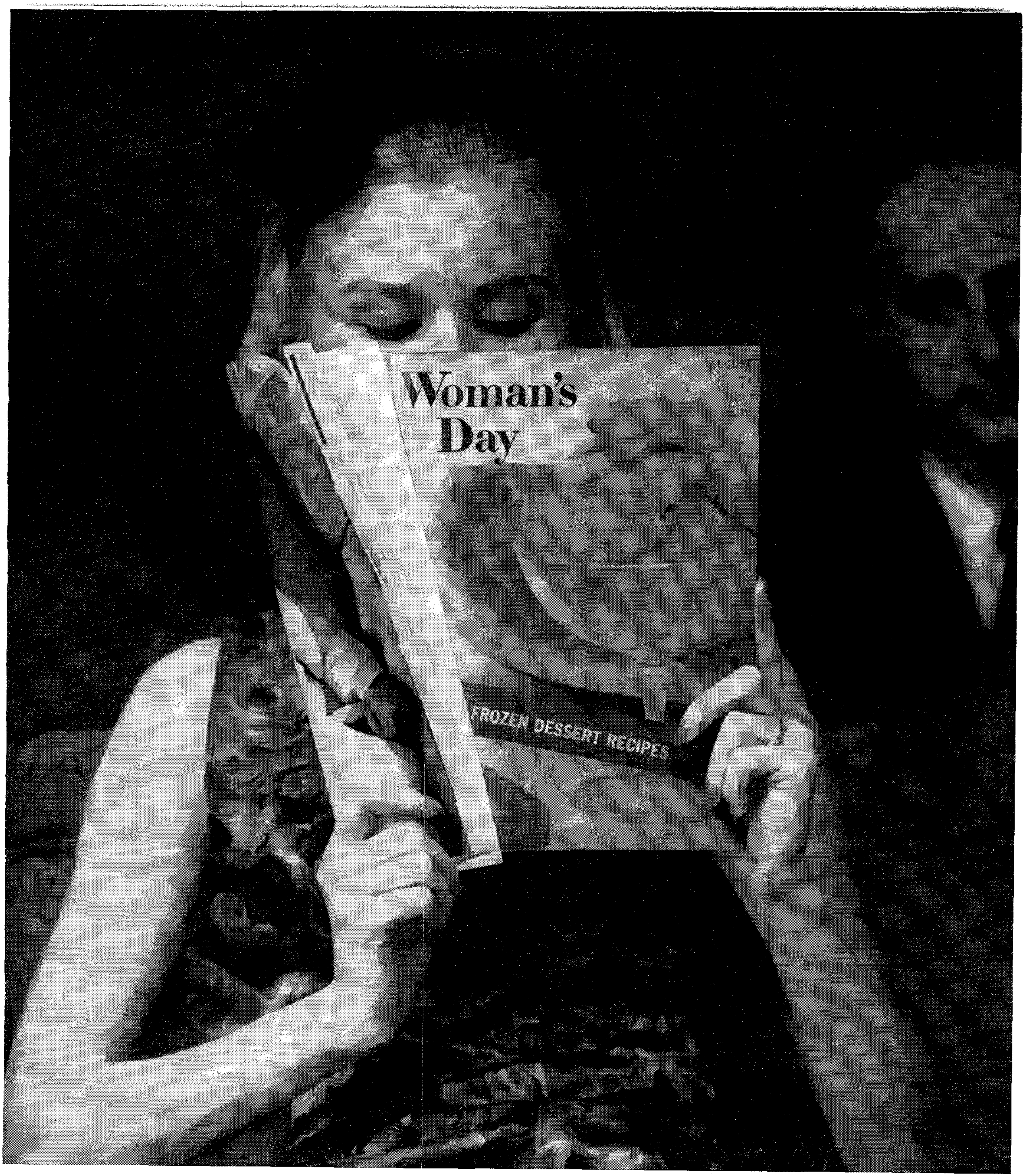

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tongue-in-cheeker. And you'll reach for the scissors when you see: the 6-page project on how to do an exciting terrace . . . the gourmet cooking lesson on Italian foods (part of a course that would cost you $125 in person) . . . and the Collector's Cookbook of 50 Recipes for Frozen Desserts. You can see why more women are buying the new WOMAN'S DAY, and saving their copies too! **Woman's Day,** the A&P magazine

Why Fidelity?

Speaking about a new recording of one of Beethoven's Quartets a critic was recently moved to observe that the performance was spirited, the quality of the sound excellent, but that in the slow passages "various members of the quartet may be heard turning the pages of the music."

Although the critic obviously considers this a flaw, the company that issued the recording (it was not Columbia) could construe his remark as a compliment. For one thing it is not often that sound engineers permit these small manifestations of humanity to slip through their filters, so that when they do the record is already well on its way to becoming a collector's item.

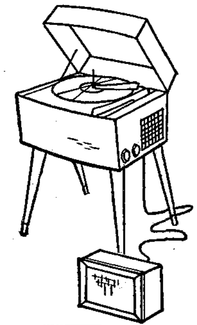
For another thing, what's so wrong with humanity? Did not Beethoven himself hear the rustle of pages as the musicians of his time leafed their way through his quartets. Did Chopin never hear on the keyboard the clatter of fingernails that needed pruning? Did not Wagner hear the huff and puff of the soprano striving to store up oxygen before launching into the "Liebestod"? Has Kostelanetz never tapped his foot? Has Clooney never sneezed?

High Fidelity differs from ordinary recording much as television differs from a movie. It is alive. It is excitement. It is unexpected, surprising, delighting and if the sound of turning pages comes through on occasion the sound of Beethoven comes through at all times.

Several years ago Columbia phonographs took High Fidelity by the horns and introduced it to America in the form of the "360" Phonograph. Over the years the "360" has come to mean to High Fidelity addicts what the old Continental means to the sports car set. In design as well as in performance, it is an all-time classic.

In case you missed out on the original you will be pleased to learn that Columbia has now reissued the "360"—and then some. Because of various technical advances made since the introduction of the original instrument the new "360" has even more gusto than its predecessor.

Where the original instrument had only one sound chamber, built into the phonograph, the new edition has two separate chambers, one housed in its own compartment. This Crossover Network, as it is called, permits a kind of 3-dimensional sound reproduction that is uncanny in its realism. The "360" not only "broadcasts live" but in color. The "360" is priced at approximately $175. and is now being made available to Columbia phonograph dealers across the country.



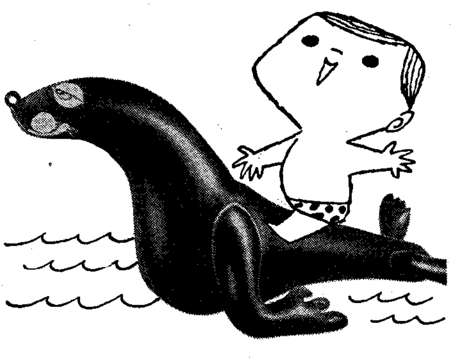
COLUMBIA
PHONOGRAPHS
A PRODUCT OF CBS ® "COLUMBIA" "360" MARCAS REG. PRICE IS SUGGESTED LIST.

and Shapiro plucked at it, as if at the string of a bull fiddle, causing it to quiver briefly. Nowadays, he said, if something goes wrong with the cable, it can be cut loose from the source by an electrical device operated from the shack, but until about three years ago it had never occurred to anybody that such a safety measure might come in handy. "One day, while the source was being lowered," Shapiro told me, "the cable got snarled somewhere, stranding the source right about here." He touched a spot about a third of the way up the tube. "As long as it remained there, further research in the gamma field was out of the question. We had to figure out some way of getting the source back into its shield, and what we finally decided to do was try to cut the cable in two with a bullet fired from a moderately safe distance. But the last thing we wanted was to have the bullet hit the tube, because that would probably dent it, and might easily jam the source completely. If the source itself had got stuck, and not just the cable, we'd really have been in a fix."

In the end, Shapiro went on, the hero turned out to be an expert marksman named Edward Nicholson, who at the time was a foreman in the laboratory's machine shop and a member of the Brookhaven Rifle and Pistol Club. Using a rifle with a telescopic sight, and armor-piercing ammunition, he warmed up by firing a dozen shots on an old Army range on the Brookhaven property—a relic of Camp Upton, which formerly occupied the site. When he came over to the garden, two physicists asked him how near he would have to get to the cable to stand a reasonable chance of hitting it. He said he couldn't do much at over a hundred feet, and they warned him he must not stay as near as that to the cobalt 60 for more than a minute. Nicholson nodded, and entered the garden on the double, dropping onto one knee as soon as he was within range. His first shot was wide of the mark, but with his second the cable flew apart, the source plummeted into its lead shield, and he ran back to safety and the congratulations of all concerned.

I asked Shapiro if the source simply hibernated in its underground lair during the winter months. He shook his head, and said that each November riggers are summoned to the garden to run steel cables through loops on the sides of the lead shield, whereupon a crane lifts it, with the source inside, onto a truck, and it is hauled off to Brookhaven's reactor. There the source remains, having its strength renewed by exposure to the neutrons in the nuclear

Till you get your real seal



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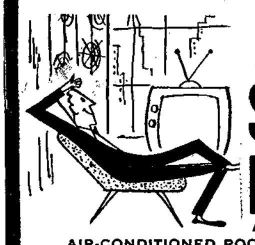

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furnace, until February, when the riggers return it and its shield to the pit. Shapiro plucked at the cable again, and then gazed speculatively out over the bizarre terrain—a highly intellectual sower and reaper, scanning his crops not for signs of healthy renewal but for alterations in the fruit, the leaves, and, ultimately, the seed. "A nice time of day," he observed, at last. "No gammas around, and the plants can take it easy for a few hours. I guess they can use the rest."

—DANIEL LANG

•

CHERBOURG, MONDAY

Michael Todd and Elizabeth Taylor arrived here today in the liner Queen Elizabeth. The 49-year-old film producer and his film star bride who married in February are spending a six-month honeymoon in Europe.

Said Michael Todd of his beautiful wife: "This angel-faced baby is three years the junior (at 25) of my son Mike Todd jun. But she is a lot of woman. Everything I have is hers—and, brother, that's plenty."

Said Elizabeth Taylor of her husband who is short, dynamic, and a millionaire: "Mike is the most exciting man in the world. He is also the most generous—I just can't stop him giving me presents."

WITH EMERALDS

Mike and wife travel to London on Thursday to arrange next month's opening of his film "Around the World in Eighty Days."

As we lunched at a pavement café Miss Taylor, her head swathed in a pink turban and the rest of her swathed in a dark mink coat, flashed a nugget-size emerald-diamond ring. Said she: "Mike is so sentimental about anniversaries. Every Saturday we have an anniversary party—with presents.

"So far he has given me a champagne mink—the only one of its type in the world—a tiara, a Persian necklace, a Rolls-Royce car, and two poodles. Oh, and so many other things too."

WITHOUT GIN

Miss Taylor also told me that she has finished with being a film star.

"Regrets? Not one. I would rather be happy than famous in Hollywood. My contract with M.-G.-M. still has two years to go. But the most they can do is suspend me, and if I run short of cash I can always hock the Rolls-Royce."

Todd interrupted to ask if she would like a gin and Dubonnet. She lowered her half-inch eyelashes and answered: "I can't drink gin, dear heart, when I am pregnant."—*London Daily Express.*

That saves a *little* money right there.

•

SPECIAL NOTICES

WE ARE STARTING a NEW YORKER type magazine in this area and we need two men (with Brooks Bros. style suits) to sell space. No experience required.
—*Stanford University Daily.*

Natural shoulder, may we add.

LEJON Extra-dry VERMOUTH

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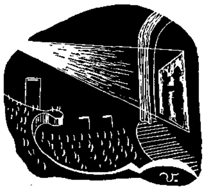
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fitful Irish Airs



John Ford, who originated in New England—a region upon which the Gaels, come late or soon from Ireland, have had quite an impact—is responsible for the direction of "The Rising of the Moon," a movie trilogy done on location in Ireland. There can be no doubt that Mr. Ford dearly loves the Irish, but I'm not at all sure that in his access of affection he hasn't been guilty of representing them as superficially as if they were all straight out of vaudeville. The picture, which was adapted by Frank Nugent from stories and plays by Frank O'Connor, Martin J. McHugh, and Lady Gregory, does have its moments of simple-minded comedy, but there isn't much of the eloquence and wit that characterizes the work of these writers, and I don't think that Mr. Ford has made as much as he might have of exploring pictorially such places as Dublin and Galway. Even so, some of the charm of Ireland and its residents does emerge from the sentimental doings, and if the accents of the actors occasionally become impossible for a non-resident of Ireland to follow, there is always a nice lilt about the dialogue to temper the linguistic blur.

Of the three episodes presented, I think that the first one, derived from Frank O'Connor's "The Majesty of the Law," is the most interesting. The simple tale of a stalwart man who has cracked a neighbor over the head for calling him a liar and is about to be taken off to jail by a friendly and understanding police inspector, it is certainly not long on plot, but it provides a good many incidental diversions, among them some pertinent remarks on how whiskey ought to be made and a glimpse of how Irish moonshiners go about making it. Cyril Cusack, Noel Purcell, and Jack MacGowran function fairly happily as the inspector, the head-cracker, and the bootlegger, respectively. Following this, we have "A Minute's Wait," a slapstick description of what happens when an Irish train pulls into a station in a rural area for a brief pause and then can't get going again because of innumerable delays—a cargo of lobsters being unexpectedly delivered for shipment to a bishop's anniversary celebration, the sudden arrival of a prize goat who is en route to a fair, and so on, and so on. The humor of this one is quite primitive, as you can see, but it has a lot of the broad comedy that used to be a Mack Sennett specialty. In the cast are Jimmy O'Dea, Tony Quinn, Paul Farrell, Maureen Potter, and many, many others. They whoop it up with great enthusiasm. The final stanza, based on Lady Gregory's play "The Rising of the Moon," has to do with an Irish patriot who gets out of the clutches of the Black and Tans by a very ingenious dodge cooked up by his compatriots. Such eminents of the Abbey Theatre as Denis O'Dea and Eileen Crowe appear in it, and I found it pleasant to see them around. On the other hand, the adaptation of Lady Gregory's work hasn't much to recommend it as far as getting anywhere near the heart of the Irish revolutionary movement is concerned.

"Band of Angels," which features Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo, and Sidney Poitier, is a wobbly adaptation of a novel by Robert Penn Warren. What Mr. Warren was after in his novel was a description of Southern society when slavery was still the order of the day. What we are offered here is a spate of romantic hokum, with Mr. Gable playing a millionaire who takes Miss De Carlo, supposedly a lady of mixed blood, as his mistress. Miss De Carlo makes an agitated companion to Mr. Gable, whose dimples looked tired, and Mr. Poitier, playing a noble and educated slave, is so lofty in attitude that he couldn't be touched, spiritually speaking, by Tenzing.

—John McCarten

•

WHICH NEWS MAGAZINE D'YA READ?

Around a long walnut table on the 38th floor of U.S. Steel Corp's Pittsburgh headquarters, Big Steel's top executives gathered to meet a crisis—and answer a question: How much should they raise prices in the face of a 6 per cent increase in steel wages.—*Newsweek.*

In a 22-story tower on the edge of Manhattan's bustling financial district, top officials of the U. S. Steel Corp. waited one day last week for a final figure to guide them in fixing the twelfth consecutive steel price rise since World War II.

—*Time.*

•

If the Senate sticks with the calendar as printed—and in all likelihood it will—the first major bill up for consideration is a proposal to exempt livestock and poultry from paying state property taxes.—*Montgomery* (*Ala.*) *Advertiser.*

We're against it.

George Veazey

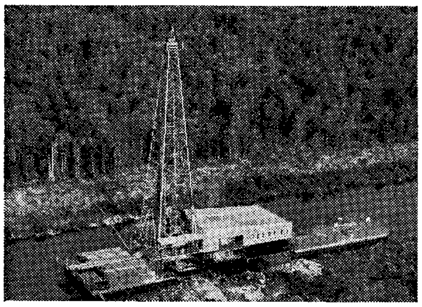
From Atchafalaya Swamp, more for your money at the gasoline pump

GEORGE VEAZEY, "COMMUTING" TO HIS JOB IN THE ATCHAFALAYA SWAMP COUNTRY

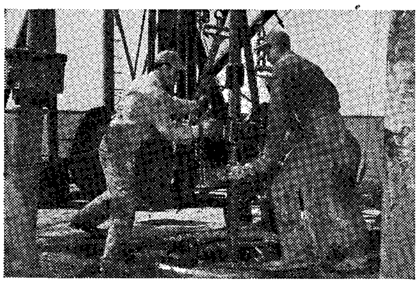
"Somebody has called this the atomic age. It's really the petroleum age.

"In 1935 America used about 300 gallons of oil products a year per person. Today it's over 800 gallons. The industry has a big job to meet this demand. But we're doing it.

"For one thing, we go farther to find oil. Atchafalaya Swamp here in Louisiana where I head Union Oil's production crew, is a good example.

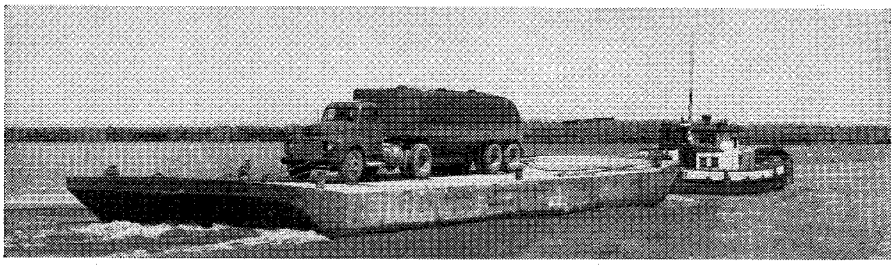


"Before we start to drill we have to dredge canals to float the rig in. When we drill we often go twice as deep as we did ten years ago. And the number of dry holes is much higher now.



"When we do strike oil, we have to refine it and get it to market. Some of our oil travels thousands of miles by boat, pipeline and truck before it reaches your car as Union gasoline.

"Costs are up all along the line, but we're drilling more wells than ever. In spite of more dry holes, our production is up. And our products are better than they've ever been!"



The problems George Veazey discusses are very real.

Despite them, though, you never got more for your money than you do today at a Union Oil Service Station.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

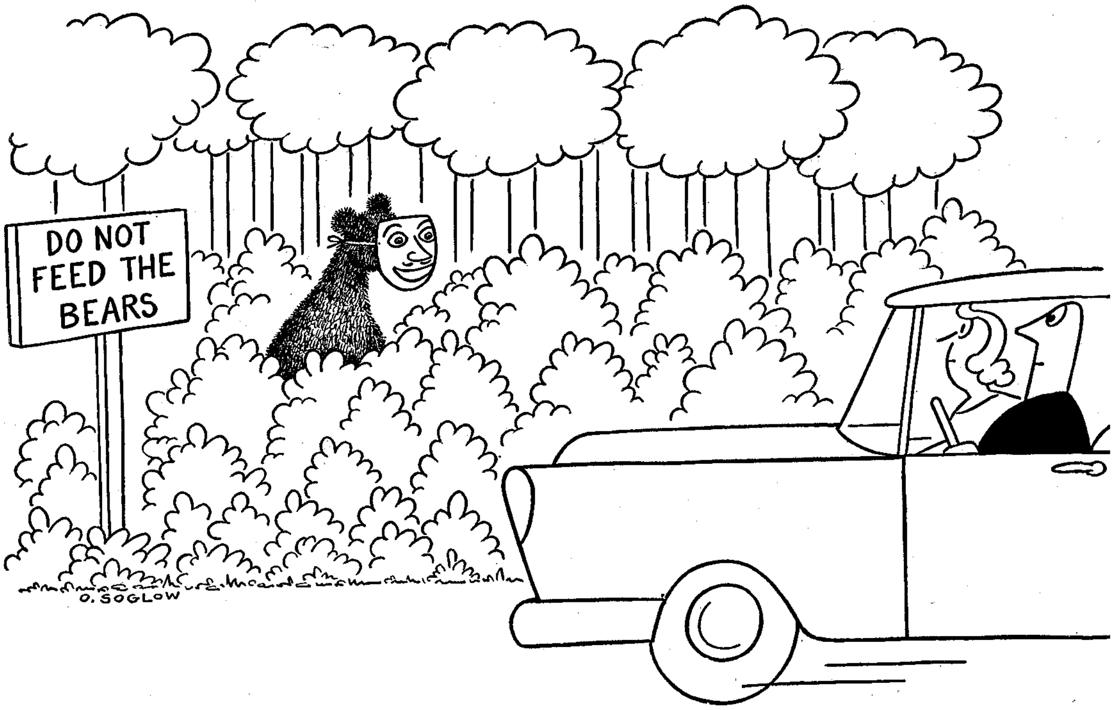
JULY 11

BY a generous majority, the French National Assembly, after a debating session that lasted all day and all night, has just recommended the ratification of a plan new in Europe's history—the European common market, aimed at uniting the six democratic nations of France, Italy, West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg in a nondiscriminatory trade community. Assuming the ratification of the plan by the other countries—which seems very probable, since West Germany has already approved it—this means, in the simplest terms, that they will function like six inescapably related families working together, in their six homes and their different languages, for their national, fraternal, and neighborhood good in business, employment, and prosperity, instead of working against each other, the way they always have done and now do, as separated, worried rivals, operating in six connected yet opposed factions behind their own industrial front gates and property boundaries. Actually, the common market is such a complex project that one of its most basic elements is the plan to apply it only by bits, deferring its full functioning until 1970 at the earliest. What is clear is that three years after the French parliament and people rejected the European Defense Community (France's own invention), which dealt federally with armies levied against possible war—always the first thing European men think of—the common market repeats the federated idea but applies it to business and moneymaking, civilized mankind's second preoccupation. Whatever idealism there may be in the common market is, fortunately, worldly and hardheaded. In the Assembly debate, the government's State Secretary for European Affairs put his finger like a compass needle on Western Europe's necessary direction for survival by saying, "We are still living on the fiction of the four great powers [of which France was one]. In reality, there are only two—America and Russia. Tomorrow there will be a third—China. It depends upon you," he warned the deputies, "whether there is a fourth—Europe. If you fail to make this choice, you condemn yourselves to walking backward toward the future."

Among the ways the common market will affect the common man is by letting a citizen from any of the six countries go into any of the five others to hunt work, to shop, to found a business, or to set himself up in his trade—all things that are close to impossible now. This freewheeling of men was the most difficult aspect for the French to swallow, knowing that no Frenchman would set up anything in Germany but that hard-working Germans might successfully set up all kinds of things in France. Nevertheless, fear of a revived Germany has had a share in leading France into the common market, where West Germany will be, enforcedly, part of a European whole and can be closely watched, rather than left to mushroom on her own, without checks. As one deputy said, "Better a dialogue with Germany than a monologue"—that is, letting Germany listen only to her own voice, as in the fatal past. Shared social, financial, and, finally, currency standards, equated hours of work and pay, and shared agricultural and industrial techniques and problems are all items in this incredibly complicated plan. The French Minister of Public Works, Transportation, and Tourism has just created a commission to study the possible issuance of a West European passport, valid for all six of the lands.

In the Assembly vote, the Poujadists and Communists voted against—the Communists because the plan would obviously strengthen capitalistic free enterprise in Europe, the Poujadists because they vote against everything by nature. The three so-called Old Fathers of the United Europe idea—Schuman, Reynaud, and Pleven—spoke in its favor with passion, hope, and experience. The remnant of the Gaullist party voted against, their diehards and General de Gaulle himself still believing that France should stand on her own, on glory, with no surrender of her nationalism. Mendès-France and his handful of followers (from whose leadership he has just resigned) also voted against, probably for the same reasons that led him to help defeat the E.D.C. when he was Premier—his conviction that England should do her duty and join in to make Little Europe valid and larger. One of France's particular tragedies today is that both these men—the transcendental, Gothic general and the brilliant, Oriental-faced politician, the only new leaders and doers since the Liberation toward whom, for a time, the French people have instinctively turned with belief, aspiration, and a stirring of the sense of security—should now, when they are most needed again, each in his separate way, both be absentees in retirement, though still part of the vital furnishings of France, like the largest, most important portraits hanging on her walls.

L'HUMANITÉ, the French Communist Party's daily paper here, was, naturally enough, alone among the Paris press in giving some unexpectedly curious details—filed by its regular Moscow correspondent, Pierre Hent-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O. SOGLOW

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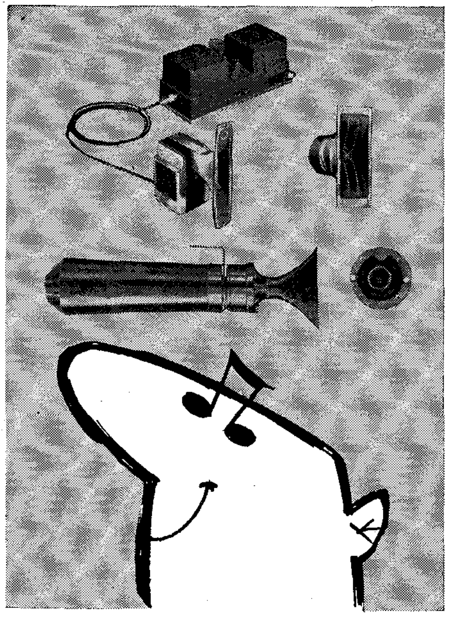

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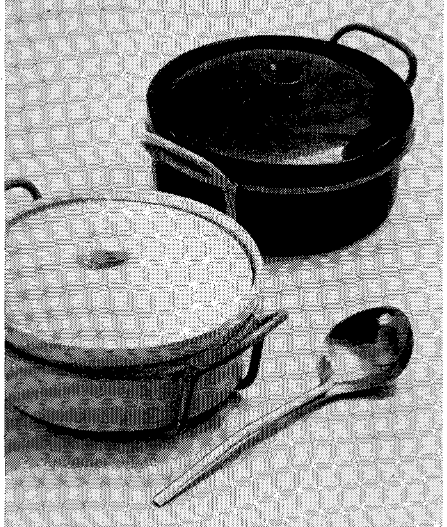
gès—on how the opening announcements were made in Russia of the recent dramatic ousting from power of Comrades Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Shepilov. From the careful way events were handled, the revelation was obviously as great a surprise to that part of the world as it was to this. According to Hentgès, the news was first given by word of mouth at a series of Wednesday-afternoon meetings of workers in Moscow factories, where directors of the Soviet Communist Party "explained to the workers the measures taken" against these four members of the Presidium. Even "before the news was published in the newspapers," he said, it had been told to these assembled groups "of Party militants in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and other cities across the U.S.S.R.," and he added, "The Party directors emphasized the importance of the Central Committee's decision." Furthermore, they answered the questions put to them by the factory hands—another unusual piece of news. "What gave special force to the directors' speeches and answers, meriting approbation from all the workers, was, most of all, the Party's courage—its desire to tell the truth to the masses," *Huma's* correspondent stated with simplified pride, not having mentioned Mr. Khrushchev's name throughout his dispatch, "and its determination to apply the Party line to all, regardless of rank or position," which was probably the briefest political epitaph yet of Molotov, the last high-functioning companion of Lenin. The French Central Committee, this time hurriedly jumping aboard the anti-Stalinist bandwagon, declared, in connection with the Moscow news, that "it could not have the slightest doubt, the least hesitation" in approving Khrushchev's power purge. As the independent *Monde* coldly commented, "In placing themselves with one leap in the front rank of the struggle against Stalinism, the French Party chiefs doubtless forget that they were the ones who pulled hardest on the brakes to hold back the de-Stalinization trend" last year, when it was new. The deadly hop, skip, and jump of recent political survival in Moscow seems only to make a laughable fool of the French Party, which never knows what is going on until too late, after it has talked too much. Recently enough to be remembered, *Huma* ran a flattering mention of the then unknown Shepilov, praising his "important role in Soviet diplomacy."

It will be recalled that if the French Communists were maneuvered into unrelenting loyalty to Stalin for months after Khrushchev's Congress speech

FOR THE CHEF



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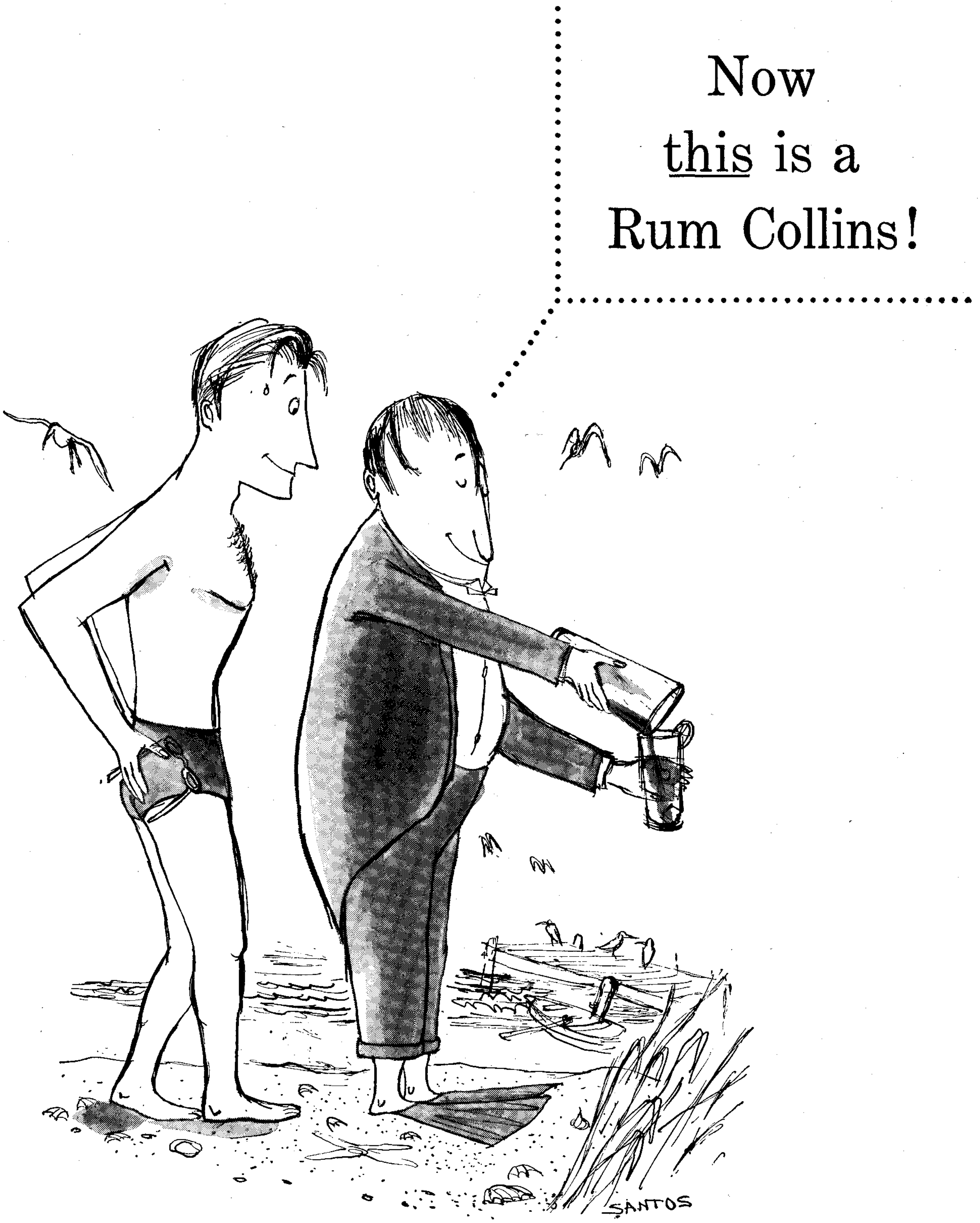
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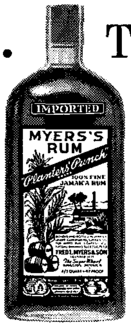
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against Stalinization and the cult of personality, it was partly owing to the fact that their leader, Maurice Thorez, himself constitutes France's perfect proletarian cult figure. It was natural, and even truthful, for Thorez last week to say shrilly, lifting his voice in his own favor and to bolster his party's now rather ravaged state, "Certain of our own ideas were originally misunderstood and fought. I recall our thesis in 1946, when we declared—and we suffered for it afterward—that our road toward Communism was not necessarily the same as that of the Russian Comrades." Sure enough, the general French press has just pointed out that Khrushchev and the Soviets have now taken over that idea from Tito and Gomulka, who dared to try and prove it, and, in accusing Molotov of opposition to "the possibility of different paths of transition to Communism in the different countries," did not even mention the wretched theoretician Thorez.

With France's political situation even more painfully fragile than usual, it seems eminently suitable that the French Communist Party, still by far the country's biggest, has lately been greatly weakened (if only by the Russian Communist Party); has been battered by Moscow's recent icon-smashing; and has been partly emptied of belief, doctrine, and religiosity by Khrushchev's bull against worshipping Stalin and by his present sentence of purgatory, if not worse, for old Molotov. The French Communist Party, previously the only French party intransigently sure of its gods and mythology over the years, intolerantly confident that it was infallibly right and without error in its human and historical prophecies, has at last had its faith debilitated by its own Russian leaders, whom it regarded as Popes and who have lately been acting like a Reformation. New membership among the young has sharply slacked off, and whole sections of experienced Party members are now affected by the agnosticism that is eventually natural to all political parties in France. That many of the Party's intellectual members or followers—the most famous having been Jean-Paul Sartre—were especially alienated by Moscow's treatment of last autumn's Hungarian rebellion is less surprising to a lot of people than that they should have been cerebrally involved with Moscow to begin with. As *Combat* has just commented sarcastically, "Pity our Communist brethren, obliged once more to revise their notions and orient themselves to the new Kremlin line. . . . Intellectual Communists can know

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painful moments. This has been one of them."

THE trouble with most new operas today is that it is the melodic old operas that go on being popular. The Paris musical event of this year was the recent first night, at the Opéra, of Francis Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmélites." It was ordered as an original opus by La Scala, which gave it its world première, in Italian, last January, when the notoriously difficult Milanese critics and gallery gods received it enthusiastically, and when it impressed the major French critics, who all went down, as something long desired and new—a popular success in the field of contemporary opera. Reportedly, the Italians gave it the works—overelaborate scenery for the Carmelite nunnery, and singers with gorgeous voices singing in their great open, emotional, lyric style. Since Poulenc, who was present, felt that the Italian treatment was too worldly and operatic for his pious intentions, the recent Paris presentation became, instead, practically a miracle of impressionistic, controlled musical nuances, echoing in correct gray stone Gothic décors. The French critics who saw and heard both versions found them different, almost opposed, works. Poulenc dedicated his score to Debussy, who "gave me the taste for writing music," and to Monteverdi, Verdi, and Moussorgsky, "who have served me here as models"—which is occasionally true, especially of two or three touches of "Boris." His opera score is marked by his characteristic ecstasy of expression and subtlety of harmony; by lofty reaches of mounting melodic grace; by the rich polyphony of his chorals, such as the "Salve Regina" and "Ave Maria;" and by an all too brief last-act overture of really passionate loveliness. The opera is too long. This lets Poulenc's talent seem to *manquer de souffle*—to run out of breath. Nor were the Paris Opéra voices all gorgeous, by a long shot.

Most operas feature trouble between the sexes. This opera, about chaste nuns and with almost no male characters, is taken textually from the play "Dialogues des Carmélites," presented here five years ago—a tremendous dramatic success written by the late, highly intelligent Georges Bernanos, who, in turn, took it from a German novel, "Last on the Scaffold," which is indeed its *Hauptsache*. Its heroine, Blanche de la Force, is a purely fictional aristocrat who has sought the cloister because she is morbidly afraid of the violence of life, yet, in imitation of Christ's agony, final-

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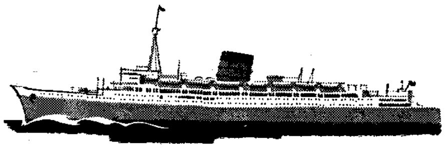

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ly mounts the French Revolutionary scaffold as a volunteer, the last to die among her condemned Carmelite sisters (real historical characters these, beatified by the Church in 1906 and now also part of the opera). Its final scene shows the sanguinary mob before the offstage scaffold, as a bloodcurdling offstage mechanical noise imitates the repeated falling sound of the guillotine's knife. Poulenc's opera has already been given in Germany, where it opened in Cologne last week, and is listed for production in San Francisco.

THE ten-day European heat wave, with the Paris thermometers standing officially at ninety-seven degrees in the afternoon and actually at a hundred and twenty on midtown sunny balconies, seems now broken by storms. Exceptionally, the Paris police were allowed to shed their woollen dolmans, or jackets, and direct traffic in their pale-blue shirts—very smart with their white revolver holsters and white clubs. Wedding photos of the Comte de Clermont, dauphin pretender to the Bourbon throne of France, showed him mopping the sweat from his royal brow during the church service at Dreux. More than a fourth of the tough professional bicycle riders in the annual international Tour de France simply gave up by the third day. Those who stuck it out wore fresh cabbage leaves under their caps for insulation. When they pedalled through the big cities, the local firemen doused them with fire hoses. All last week, the Paris sidewalk cafés were running out of ice, beer, vanilla ice cream, and unsqueezed lemons by evening. The apéritif favored by the French was Pernod, which, because it is based on aniseed, they benevolently regard as a fortifier of the intestines during heat, and thus a classic thirst quencher. On July 4th, the sun set some tar paper on fire on the roof of the unfinished new UNESCO building, near the Eiffel Tower. Parisians, who by no means stand heat well and who incline to see international politics in everything, called the hot spell "atomic weather," forgetting, until their own weather bureau reminded them of the fact, that it was even hotter here, and for a longer stretch, just ten summers ago, when those terrifying weapons were infants. —GENÊT

•

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A FINE OLD GENTLEMAN

THE Lances were not doggy people. They didn't follow the shows, or do anything like that, and when they heard the word "bitch" spoken in conversation they were always startled. They did, however, favor a particular breed of dog—the Doberman pinscher. This preference was accidental, but the accident dated back to their bride-and-groom days, so it was now old enough to seem foreordained.

It happened that they had been offered a good male Doberman in return for paying his kennel board bill. For some reason, which the Lances didn't pursue, the dog's owner was unable to keep him. The animal, Baron, was seven years old, and his teeth were badly eroded by distemper, but he had accepted the Lances on sight, and that had flattered them. Baron had died at ten, of a tumor. The intervening years of ownership, however, had marked the couple for life. The Lances remained loyal to the breed.

Their third Doberman, Greta, had been dead of old age a week the evening Mr. Lance, sitting in the living room of his Mississippi home, opened the want-ad section of his paper to the column headed "Dogs & Pets" and said, "What do you make of this, Peg? 'Very highly pedigreed Doberman pinscher. Reasonable.' No name—just a phone number."

"We could call," Mrs. Lance said. "It sounds as if they're moving or something, and can't keep the dog."

"Why, yes," Lance said. "You're probably right." He seemed pleased at his wife's supposition.

"There's no telling what they mean by 'reasonable,' of course," she added.

"Only one way to find out," Lance said. He went out into the hall to the telephone, and called the number.

A woman answered, identifying herself as Mrs. Gambril. The dog, she said, had been given to her husband a week or so before. They had no room to keep it. It was a red Doberman, a male. Lance asked what the animal weighed, but Mrs. Gambril, who sounded as if she were in her twenties, didn't know, though she volunteered the information that he was a little "rough" just now. Lance asked how old the dog was. The woman said she guessed seven or so.

"That's rather old," Lance said regretfully. "However, I might look at him."

She gave him the address, but quickly added that she couldn't act without her husband. He was working out of town, and would not be back till Friday night. This was Tuesday. No, she didn't know what her husband wanted for the dog. Beginning to be irritated at her vagueness, Lance ended the conversation without saying definitely what he would do, and returned to the living room.

"Sounds pretty confused to me," he told his wife. "They put the ad in and then can't follow up. If you want to, I suppose we could go look."

"Well, it can't do any harm," Mrs. Lance said.

They had no children. The physical presence of a dog lying between their fireplace chairs in winter and their porch rockers in summer had become an accepted thing, and they were conscious of a family incompleteness without it.

NEXT day, the Lances drove in to a nearby town, one of a string of small coastal communities. The Gambril house was a shoddy frame dwelling on a side street. They parked in front of it. Mrs. Gambril came down the sidewalk from chatting with a neighbor, and, after Lance told her who he was, led them through a gate and into the scuffed front yard, talking easily. She was wearing a soiled apron over a house dress, and red bedroom slippers without stockings. Probably she had been a pretty teen-age girl in a blond Scandinavian fashion, Lance thought. "He's back this way," she said, and they followed her through a side yard to the rear.

The dog was chained to a staple hammered into the weatherboarding of the house, the building sitting on brick piers. Lance noticed that no water or bedding had been provided, and that the yard was dirty. The Doberman was large and big-boned, with amber-colored eyes, which gave him a dangerous look. Lance kept his hands quietly at his sides as he walked up, the woman ahead of him, and his wife behind. The dog looked steadily into Lance's eyes, and advanced the length of the chain, deftly untangling its legs. It sniffed Lance's right hand, then suddenly offered him its right paw. Lance caught the paw, dropped it, and spoke to the dog. The

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paw came up again—a favorite trick, apparently—and Lance ran his hand lightly down the dog's back. The rib cage stood out like a basket, and the vertebrae were a row of knobs thrusting up under the hide. Warmed by sunlight on the dog's flank, a few fleas showed themselves momentarily.

"This is where you've been keeping him?" Lance asked stiffly. The woman, he noticed, seemed wary of the dog, though it was casually friendly toward her.

"He can go under the house, if it rains or anything," she said. The brick piers were high enough to let the animal crawl beneath the house and into the powdery earth.

Lance said shortly, "May I see his papers?"

The woman went off humming, up a flight of wooden steps without risers, to the back door. Lance turned to his wife.

"Let's not talk about it!" she said, low and violently.

"I know," Lance murmured. "I'm thinking the same thing—what if something like this had happened to poor old Greta?"

Peggy caught her lower lip between her teeth, and nodded. The dog gave Lance an abrupt blow on the thigh with the side of its muzzle, and he stooped, patting its flank.

"Same bad habits Baron had," he muttered. "The paws, and batting you with his big, bony head." He delicately raised the dog's upper lip, and looked at the teeth. They were clean and sound. "Well, what *do* you think?" he asked. "We'll have to decide." The Doberman ran its tongue around his ear as he turned his head to look at his wife again, and he smiled at the touch of moist warmth.

"He's awfully big," she said. "Greta weighed fifty-six, and he's bigger. And what's the matter with his hind leg?"

The left hind leg was suddenly seized with a tremor. The dog seemed unaware of it, and the tremor stopped in a few moments, when he shifted position. "Malnutrition, I expect," Lance said, taking a shot in the dark. "They've probably been feeding him grits and table scraps. No telling where he was before, either. My hunch is his owner died, and he's been passed around here and there." He straightened up. "Good ears," he said. "Points almost meet in the middle. Probably has worms, though, judging from his coat."

The woman came out of the house

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carrying the dog's pedigree and certificate of entry. "It was a friend of my husband's gave him the dog," she said. "I think the owner gave that man the dog, but he couldn't keep it, either."

Lance let this ride, and glanced at the pedigree. It was impressive, studded with champions, but his eye stopped at the whelping date, and he frowned. "You said the dog was about seven. He was born March 10, 1947. He's ten years old, Mrs. Gambril."

He waited for some answer, but the woman merely glanced at the papers. Lance felt a sharp wave of disappointment; he would have guessed that the dog was less than the reported seven years, if anything. Frustrated at receiving no reply, he addressed the woman with elaborate patience: "This is an *old* dog, Mrs. Gambril. An old man of seventy. Do you understand? He has hardly any life expectancy to speak of, regardless of his appearance." Again he waited for some response, but the woman simply nodded. Lance stood there feeling ridiculous. The dog thumped its muzzle against his leg again, and Lance said, "*Sitz*, Von!," using the call name shown on the papers. The dog sat, and immediately offered its paw, persistently striking Lance's knee until he caught the paw in his hand and held it. Apparently satisfied, the dog kept the awkward position. After a moment, Lance said abruptly, "What did your husband expect to get for the dog?"

"I don't exactly know," the woman said. "I know he don't figure on keeping him, though."

Lance frowned. "Well, look—I'll do this much. I'll take him along and try him out. If he's satisfactory, I'll give him a home—take him off your hands. You can't sell him, believe me. You can tell your husband I said so."

"Well, I guess that'll be all right," the woman said. "He can phone you Saturday, when he's home. He's on a job in M'ridian."

Peggy had said nothing, but Lance sensed her agreement. He unfastened the chain, and, taking from a coat pocket Greta's old leather leash, he snapped it to the dog's collar. Then he held out his hand for the papers. Mrs. Gambril gave them to him after a moment's hesitation, and he led the dog out, handing Peggy the leash as they started down the sidewalk to their car. "I suppose it's silly," he said. "I don't know . . ."

"I think he's been shown," Peggy said. "See how he heels?"

Lance walked ahead to open the car

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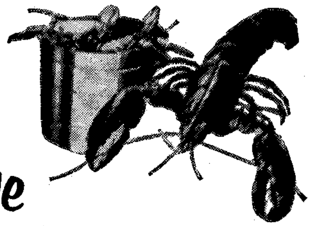

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WANTED
Month.......... Day.......... Time..........

door; the dog tugged at the leash and whimpered anxiously. It leaped onto the back seat when Lance swung the door open.

"Poor old boy," Lance said as they headed out of town. "But a magnificent frame. With three acres to run on, and some decent food inside him . . ."

THEIR dog Greta had been a fastidious eater, not caring much for the dry dog meal they fed her unless it was flavored with a little hamburger. When Lance, accompanied by Peggy, brought out from the garage behind the house a half bag of meal that was left, the new dog, Von, caught the scent and followed Lance, capering and nuzzling the sack, and then, surprisingly, sat down, quivering but mannerly, till a ration was poured out into a dish. Von ate in gulps, legs spraddled, short tail working violently, and licked the dish clean in less than a minute. Lance poured out another full helping. "Keep us broke trying to fill him up," he murmured, and grinned at Peggy as he returned the sack to the garage.

Presently, he filled a bucket with water, added soap and flea killer, and called the dog, who was exploring a patch of woods back of the garage. Von came racing to him, and bore the scrubbing quietly. Lance watched the dog shake itself dry, clowning a little; then it nuzzled his hand, and resumed its trotting inspection of the grounds.

"He certainly took it well," Peggy said. "And considering he hardly knows you."

"He's a gentleman," Lance said. "A fine old gentleman."

By Saturday, the Doberman, though still eating ravenously, was acclimated. He sat or lay on command, and had taken charge, barking loudly at suspect noises beyond the thick hedgerow that bordered the grounds. When the Lances walked outside the house, the dog seized Lance's hand in its teeth, or shouldered him, boisterously man to man, but it treated Peggy with a clumsy, elder-brother gentleness. By gathering Von up in his arms and standing on the bathroom scale, Lance found that the dog weighed sixty-nine pounds. "Seventy-five when he's filled out right," he said to Peggy. "We'll check again in a month." He had not mentioned Von's age since the first day. That afternoon, the call came from Gambril. Lance answered the telephone.

"How do you like the dog?" Gambril

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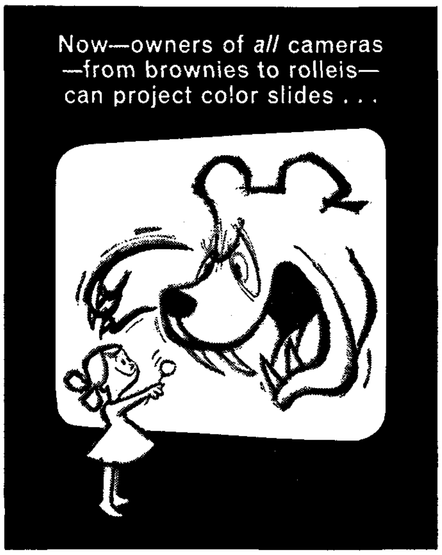

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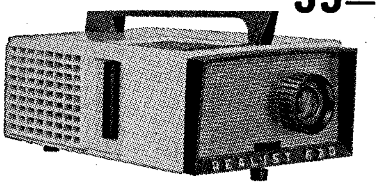

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asked. He sounded friendly enough, but Lance replied guardedly.

"He's working out," he said. "He's old, but he's getting along with us all right."

"Well, I've got a sale for him, Mr. Lance," Gambril said. Lance stiffened. "Of course, you want him, you get first choice, I told this fellow. Got a wonderful background, hasn't he?"

"He has a good pedigree," Lance said, "but he is ten years old, Mr. Gambril. The dog is not salable. The best you can expect is a good home for him. I know the breed. I've had Dobermans die at ten."

"Yeah. Well, I've got a sale for him," Gambril said, without emphasis. "You see how it is. Fellow wants to buy him. That pedigree and all."

"If you have a buyer for the dog," Lance heard himself saying evenly, "I suggest you go ahead and sell him. The dog simply is not salable, Gambril."

"Well, when can you bring him in, then?"

"Tomorrow," Lance said. "Noon tomorrow." He hung up, and went into the living room. "That was Gambril," he told Peggy. "Says he has a sale for the dog."

Peggy looked at him a moment. "I don't believe it."

Lance thrust his hands into his pockets. "No. He's trying to pressure me," he said, sitting down. The dog was running outside, and Lance avoided looking out the window. "Damn him," he said softly. "God damn Gambril."

At noon on Sunday, Lance fed the dog a good meal and drove to Gambril's house with him. He led him into the back yard. Gambril came out of the kitchen door, chewing a mouthful of his dinner. He fastened the chain on the dog's collar again, greeting Lance cordially. He was a husky young workman—wind-burned, and quick and positive in his movements. Von seemed as impersonal about Gambril as the man did about the dog. Gambril didn't pat Von, Lance noted, but squatted on his heels after fastening the chain, and eyed the dog. Lance was reminded of cattlemen he had known, sizing up a beef for sale. Lance deliberately refrained from touching Von again, and stood beyond the reach of the chain. He was relieved and yet pained to see the Doberman stoically accepting the situation, snuffing around the house piers.

"Fellow says he thinks this dog is just about what he wants around his

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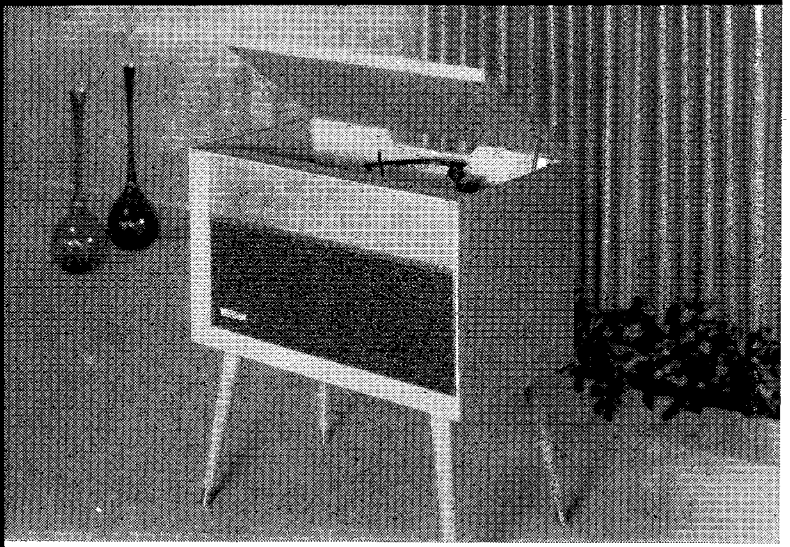

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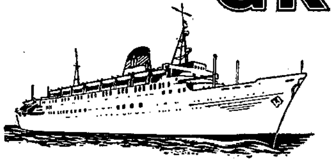

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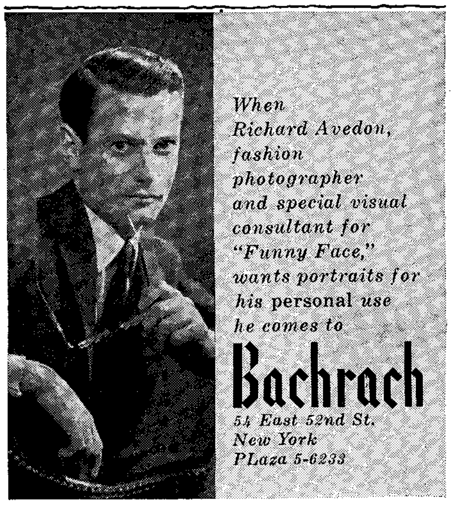

When Richard Avedon, fashion photographer and special visual consultant for "Funny Face," wants portraits for his personal use he comes to

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place," Gambril said. "I told him O.K., if you didn't want him. You got his pedigree?"

Lance handed the papers over. "Look," he said. "I don't intend to buy the dog. If your wife had told me his right age in the first place, I wouldn't have come. This dog could die tomorrow. In any case, he'll begin losing his eyesight soon, and his hearing. If he hasn't got rheumatism already, he'll get it quick, lying around here. Probably he's got heartworms." He paused, but Gambril just plucked a weed stalk, and chewed it idly. Lance swallowed. "I'll do this," he said. "I'll see you're not out anything for food you've bought for the dog, and for the advertising. Ten dollars should more than cover it."

"Fellow's going to pay me thirty-five for him," Gambril said promptly. "I told him I'd see if you wanted him first, though."

Lance stood rigid, looking down at Gambril. "Ten dollars," he said slowly. "And I'm not buying the dog—he isn't salable. I'm offering him a home."

"Well, I can't lose twenty-five dollars just to accommodate somebody," Gambril said. "You see how it is."

Lance turned and walked out of the yard. "Glad to met you," he heard Gambril calling after him.

He drove home, gathered up Von's cushions, which were out airing, and his dish, and stowed them in the back of the garage, behind some scrap lumber. He went into the house and stood in the kitchen. Peggy was basting a roast. "Claims he's got a thirty-five-dollar offer," Lance said. "I wouldn't bite."

"He's bluffing," she said dubiously.

Lance rubbed his hands together for a few moments without speaking. Then he said, "I think I'll go take a bath. I'm not very hungry."

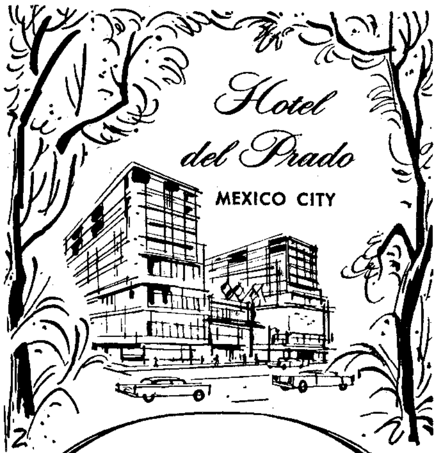
THE next evening, Lance handed Peggy the want-ad section of the paper. "It's in again," he said.

She ran her eyes down the "Dogs & Pets" column. "I knew he was bluffing," she said. "He hasn't *got* a sale for Von." She looked at her husband. "Do you want to call?"

"No," he said. "No, by God. And it isn't the thirty-five dollars."

"I know," Peggy said. "Don't get yourself all worked up, honey."

The ad appeared again on Tuesday, and ran through the week. The weather turned bad, with a northeast wind and heavy, driving rain. The Lances did not speak of the ad or the dog after Monday. Saturday afternoon, the tele-



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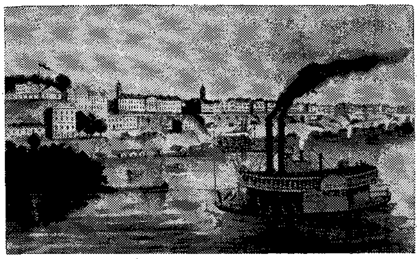

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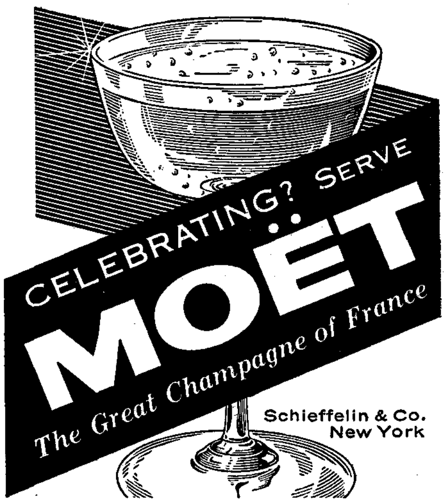

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phone rang, and Lance, who was sitting at the desk in the living room, catching up on some letter writing, straightened up. Peggy called from the kitchen, "Would you mind, dear? I'm in flour to the elbows."

Lance sat still. Peggy called again, and came to the doorway when the bell had sounded a second and then a third time. "I know who it is," Lance said. "Gambril. To say his 'deal' fell through, and do I still want the dog?"

Peggy hurriedly wiped her hands on her apron. "Do you want me to answer it?"

Lance stabbed his fountain pen at the paper. An ugly blob of ink quivered on the sheet, and the pen point was splayed. "Don't dicker with him," he said steadily. "I'll pay the bastard his dirty thirty-five dollars, but I won't talk to him. Understand? I won't talk to him."

—KEN KRAFT

•

Now—at last—you can help train your memory so that you will remember—and never forget—names, faces, numbers, events, facts and ideas! The author, who has trained his own memory, has written one of the most practical, lucid and definite memory-training books ever published, in which he reveals his positive methods of developing a super-power memory. This book can help teach you to . . . recall faces and names even years later . . . memorize a speech or a script in minutes . . . remember the lay or play of cards in bridge, gin, poker or pinochle or other card games . . . memorize the Morse Code in 30 minutes . . . remember the entire contents of a magazine . . . have a photographic memory for a panel of numbers or objects . . . in short, remember prices, details, codes, dates, calories, facts, routes, events, school work, lectures—anything of need or interest to you! Reading this book will prove to you that you can train your memory to remember everything you want to—and thus, to learn more, earn more and be happier.—*Brentano's adv. in the Times.*

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THE MAYOR

—*Parking ticket received by an American in Rome.*

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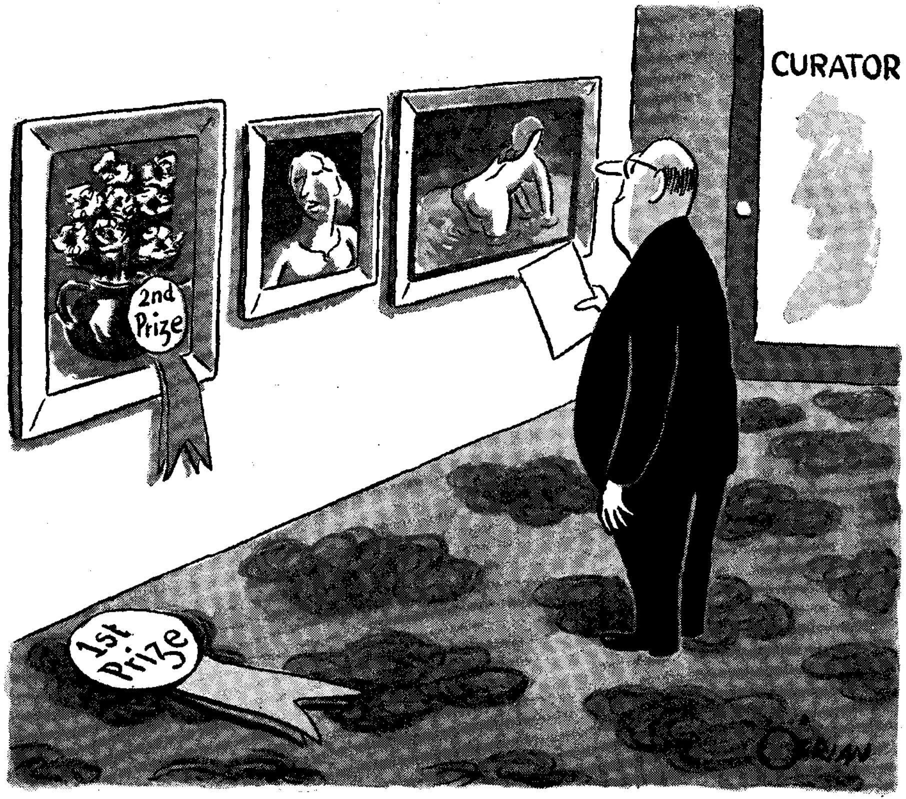

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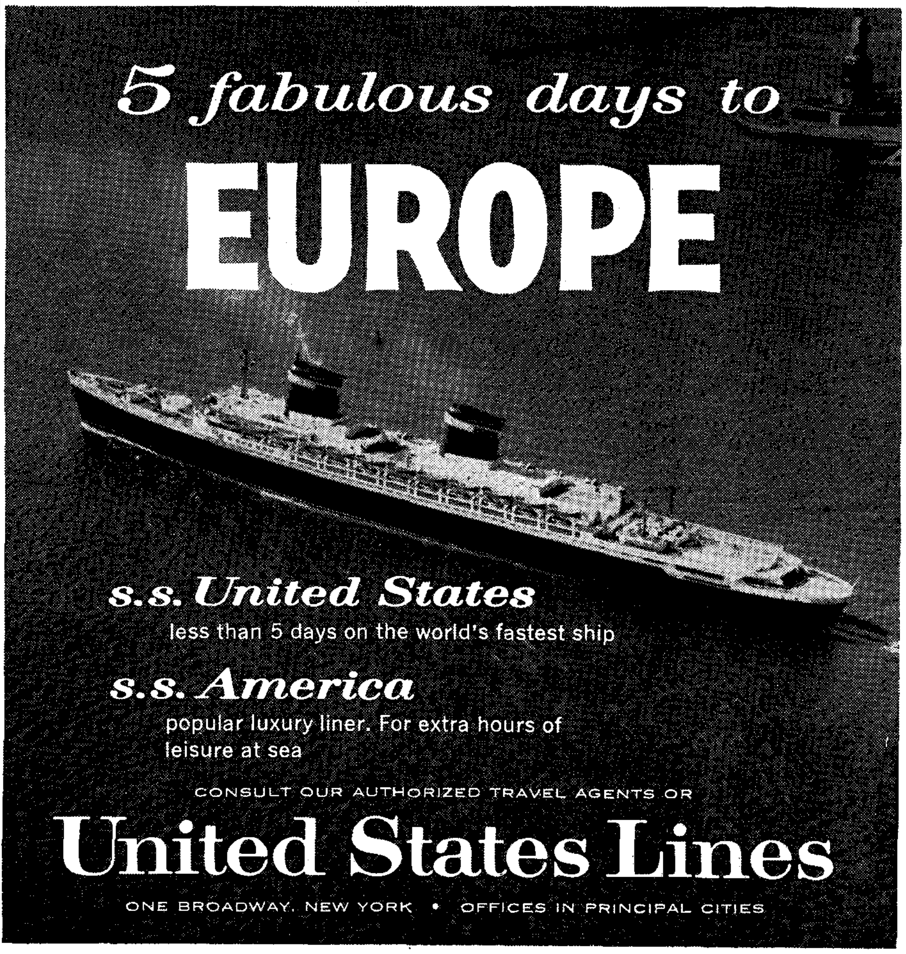

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THE RACE TRACK

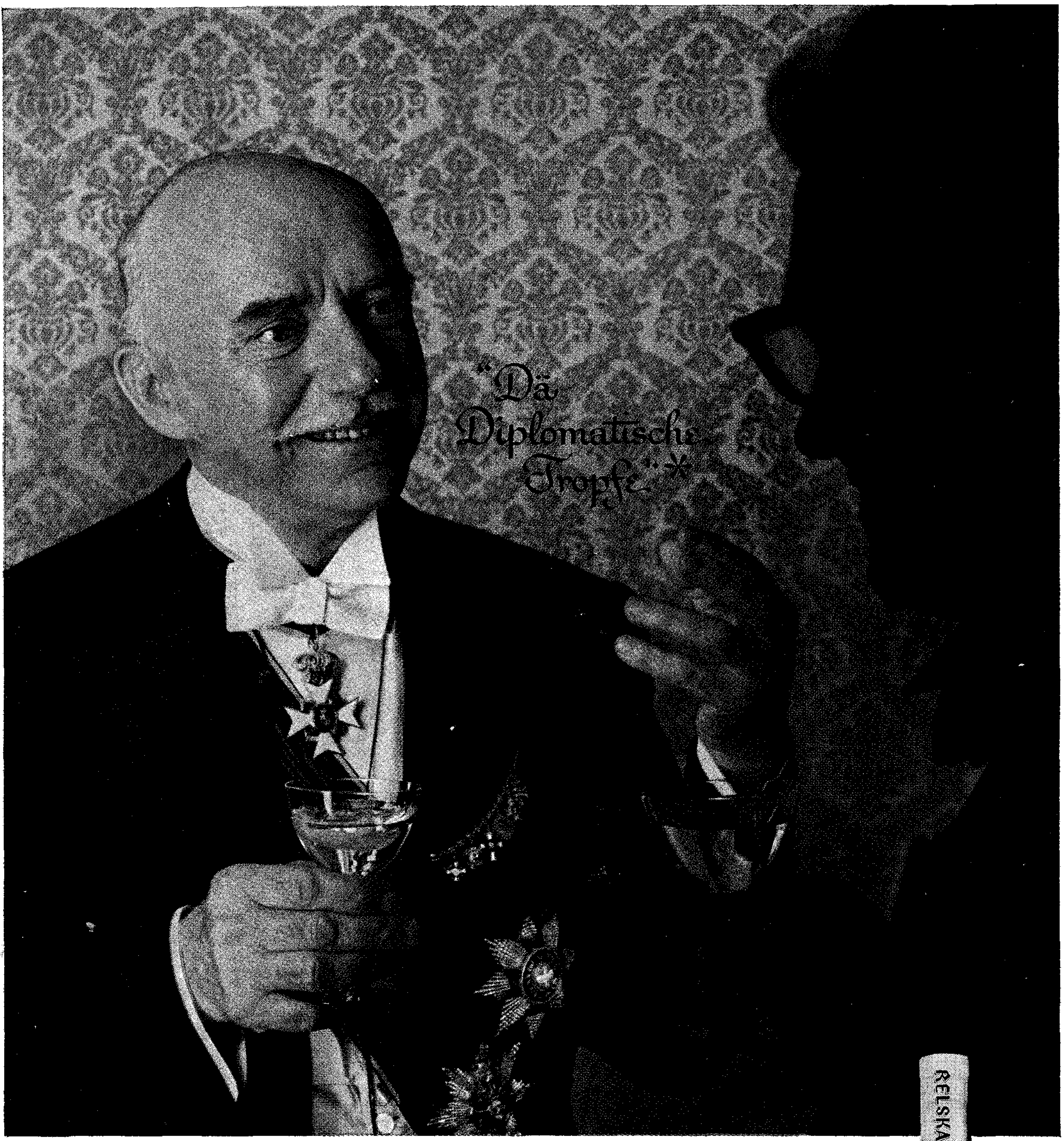
Clem's Classic

I SUPPOSE the obvious thing to say about Clem, who won the Arlington Classic at Arlington Park in Chicago last Saturday, would be that he improves with every race. The colts he beat in the Withers and the Shevlin Stakes were no great shakes, but several of the ones he beat last weekend were. He didn't have a very smooth passage in the Classic, either, for he got away slowly and had to find an opening on the rail; still, he made up ground without any difficulty and came through to win from Iron Liege more easily than his margin of a length and three-quarters shows. Manteau was third, another length and three-quarters back. The footing was damp and slow, but the time was remarkable. Greek Game, who was quickest out of the starting gate, stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the half in 0:45⅗, and six furlongs in 1:10⅖. Then he ran out of speed and Iron Liege took the lead, only to lose it after a few strides as Clem passed him about a furlong from home. The time for the mile was 1:36⅗, which is a fifth of a second better than Swoon's Son did in the Classic over a fast track last year. Clem is owned by Mrs. Adele Rand, a generous supporter of racing, and is trained by W. W. Stephens, to whose skill much of his success is due. He is a rather plain colt, but he runs smoothly and with great determination; in fact, he hasn't been out of the money this year. Speaking of money, his share of the purse was $105,950.

As for Calumet's Iron Liege, I'm sure he would have been closer if Erb had ridden him instead of Hartack. (Erb rode Barbizon, a stablemate, and finished next to last.) As you have probably heard, Hartack suffered a fracture of the wing of a vertebra the previous Wednesday when an animal with the curious name of Smoke-Me-Now fell with him in a race. The boy remained in a hospital until Friday afternoon, and came to the track on Saturday all bound round with surgeon's tape and a very wide, light leather belt. After a trial run in the first race, in which he came in second, he declared he was as good as new. To critics in the grandstand, however, he appeared to move gingerly in the saddle going to the post for the Classic, and failed to put his accustomed vim into his finish. Certainly, he was no match for McCreary, who gave Clem a typical, rousing, come-from-behind, McCreary ride.

Well, since Calumet missed out in the Classic, it is still short of the million-dollar mark, but one little race will do the trick, because the stable's total is now $996,020. Having been advised that Calumet has some promising two-year-olds (them that has gits), I went around for a look at them one morning while I was at Arlington Park, and I want to say that if breeding, conformation, and quality count for anything, half a dozen of them are going to be heard from in the more important races to come. Temple Hill, a colt by Citation out of Near Miss, would head anyone's list. In fact, Jimmy Jones, the Calumet trainer, says he may be another Citation. Quite as handsome, but of a different type, is a colt by Tom Fool out of Two Lea, called Tim Tam. (A sensitive bystander thinks a better name for him would have been Fool's Paradise, and so do I.) Others I liked were Seventy Six, a full brother to Mark-Ye-Well; Kentucky Pride, a half brother of Princess Turia (he has done some fast training gallops); Jeriel, a colt by Khaled; and A Glitter, a filly, also by Khaled. They're coming East after Washington Park closes on Labor Day. So is Gen. Duke, who never looked better.

I WOULD be less than conscientious if I didn't report on the innovations Arlington Park has made since this time last year. There are—and I counted them—sixteen escalators. The interiors of the grandstand and the clubhouse are completely air-conditioned, and that is a blessing on those steaming-hot days Chicago can produce. A new clubhouse section has been carved out of the ground level—and it actually was carved, for workmen had to cut through twelve feet of concrete in some places to do it. The redecoration and the lighting are first-class, especially in the grandstand, which, by the way, has a gallery of life-size color photographs of the more famous horses who have run at Arlington. There's a dining room for the grandstand side that is smarter and more comfortable than those I've



In Geneva a bemedalled veteran of the diplomatic skirmishes found significance in my enjoyment of Relska Vodka.

"You Americans," he said, "have a sure talent for recognizing the best of our Old World institutions. For centuries this citadel of diplomacy has esteemed Relska as the *diplomatic* drink. Never a hint of liquor taste, you see—yet you know it's there."

"America is rapidly learning that," I added.

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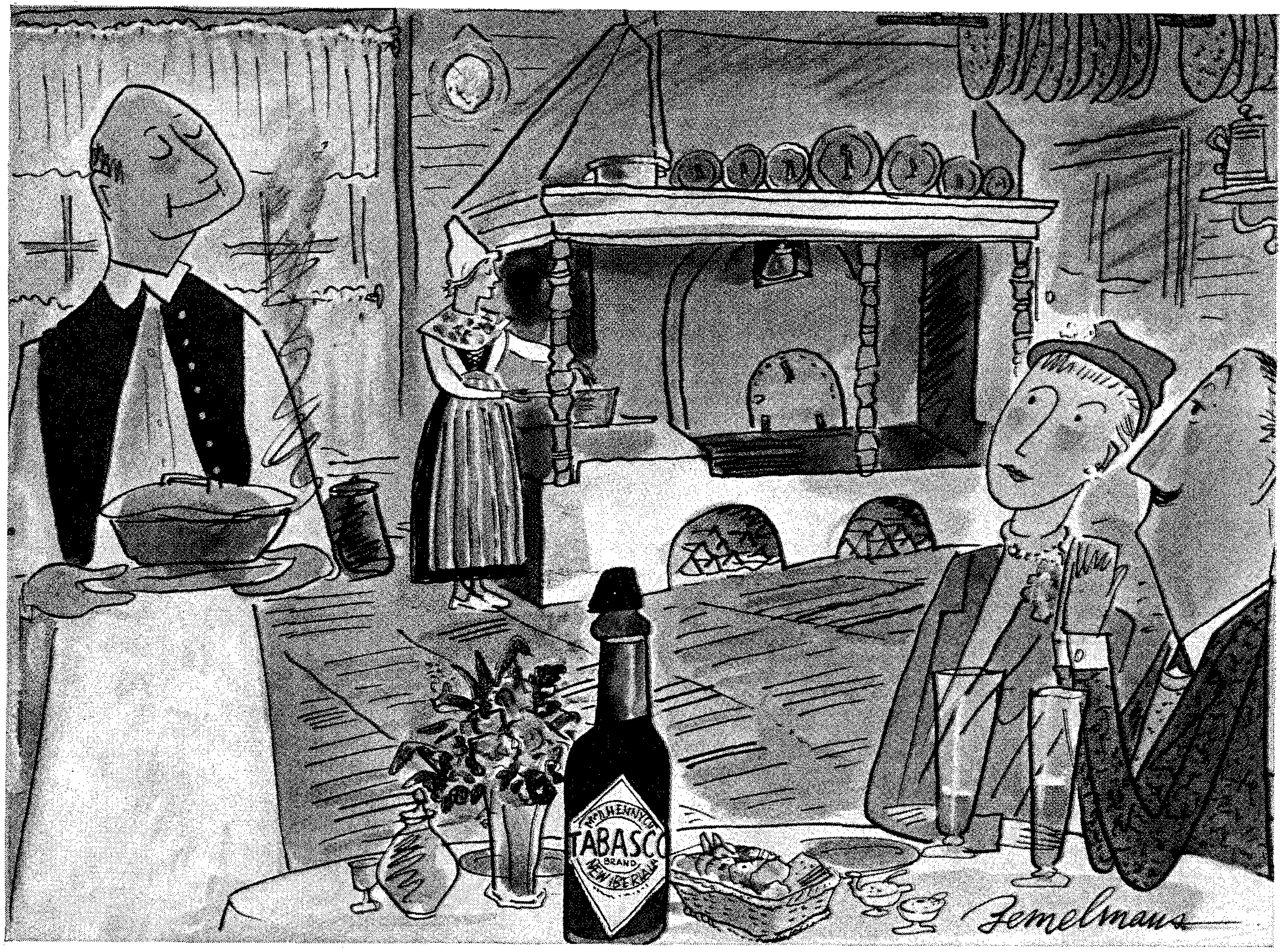

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE IN

Stockholm

In a city famous for its crystal and silverware, one expects to find foods as elaborate as the table settings. While this often occurs, one of the most popular Swedish dishes is really very simple.

I discovered this when the chef of a small restaurant introduced me to *faar i kaal,* an inspired creation of lamb and cabbage.

When I asked what made so simple a dish so distinctive, the chef said, "A hint of dill and a judicious touch of Tabasco.* Especially the Tabasco. Unlike ground pepper, this liquid seasoning spreads mellow flavor all through the dish."

"I can understand that," I told him, "for I have visited Louisiana. And I have seen those bright red peppers being aged in old casks till they are ripe and mellow."

I thanked him for showing me such a wonderful way to enjoy my favorite pepper sauce.

"My thanks to you Americans," he said, "for giving the world Tabasco. To repay you, here is the recipe for *faar i kaal.* Slowly cook lamb 20 minutes in saucepan with water. Place between layers of cabbage sprinkled with mixed flour, salt, dill weed. Add Tabasco to liquid. Cook until tender, about 1 hour."

**Registered trademark for McIlhenny Co. pepper sauce.*

Smorgasbord Sauce—Blend ½ cup sour cream with 1 teaspoon horseradish, ¼ teaspoon each of salt, sugar, Tabasco. Chill. Serve with cold salmon, roast beef, asparagus, green beans.

Swedish Hamburgers— Combine ground beef with half as much ground pork. Before shaping season with a dash of Tabasco and caraway seeds or sweet basil. Cook. Serve in buns.

Shirred Eggs Tabasco— Cover eggs with cream or butter seasoned with Tabasco. Bake or broil in shallow individual baking dishes. A truly delightful way to start your day!

Free recipe booklet—*tells easy ways to use Tabasco to brighten everyday and party dishes. Write Tabasco, Dept. NY-7, Avery Island, La.*

seen in the clubhouses at other tracks, and on the second floor there's a row of mutuel windows a city block long. I could go on and on and still do injustices of omission to the things that Ben Lindheimer, who runs the show, has done to make Arlington Park a pleasant place to go racing. It must be seen to be believed, and even then it is scarcely credible that so much has been accomplished in less than a year.

Arlington didn't have much luck the week of the Classic; first off, Bold Ruler faded out of the picture, then Hartack had his spill, and, finally, there was a big storm the night before the race—the worst, it was said, in I don't know how many years—but more than twenty-one thousand people skipped over the puddles to be on hand Saturday. They had fun, too.

THE other hundred-thousand-dollar races last weekend came out as almost everyone expected they would. At Monmouth Park, in Jersey, Dedicate ended his series of disappointments (he was second in the Metropolitan and the Carter, and third in the Suburban, you know), and came through with the easiest kind of victory in the Monmouth Handicap. For the record, Third Brother was second and Rockcastle third. From all accounts, Round Table ran away with the Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park, winning by lengths from Porterhouse and hard-working old Find. Not only was Round Table the first three-year-old ever to win the California classic but he ran the mile and a quarter in the astonishing time of 1:58⅗, equalling the record Swaps set last year. I'd like to have seen it.

WHEN word came over the wires last Saturday that Outer Space had beaten nine other three-year-old fillies in the Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park, I wasn't surprised. Neither were the horseplayers on the grounds, for she was a short-priced favorite. It was her sixth victory in six starts this year, and there's still no telling how good she is. It was also six in a row for Decathlon when he won the Rumson Handicap at Monmouth last week. He carried a hundred and thirty-three pounds, too. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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  The day's long parcels of the dead
Have had their metaphysical
  Ramifications edited.

—J. U.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

THE most impressive thing about the four-day Newport Jazz Festival, which was held over the Fourth of July weekend in a lake-sized sports arena in Rhode Island, was its bulging, General Motors proportions. There were, in all, seven long concerts (four in the evening and three in the afternoon), at which no less than forty groups of performers—plus a couple of discussion groups—held forth before, altogether, between forty and fifty thousand people. Yet in all this vast and steamy musical circus, perhaps only a dozen musicians and singers performed with any real impetus and inspiration—a situation that quite possibly came about because most of the extraordinary number of musicians who appeared had to play at a dead run in order to avoid being trampled by the next group. The rest of the Festival was occupied by such things as a long and vapid performance by Louis Armstrong and his small band, which delivered, in a manner that was close to unintentional self-caricature, a program that has become as unalterable as the calendar; a series of interpretive jazz dances by Eartha Kitt and three members of the New York City Ballet, with accompaniment by Dizzy Gillespie's big band, that were, in addition to being disjointedly executed, without taste or point; and a confused and dispirited hour and a half by the Count Basie band, haphazardly augmented from time to time by such of its alumni and non-alumni as Jo Jones, Illinois Jacquet, Roy Eldridge, Sarah Vaughan, Lester Young, and Jimmy Rushing, the last of whom, nevertheless, kept ahead of his sloppy and blatant support.

The opening concert, on the evening of July 4th, purportedly a fifty-seventh-birthday celebration for Armstrong, was saved by the unassuming presence of George Lewis's band, an admirable seven-piece group that is one of the few genuine New Orleans-style bands still in existence. Although largely made up of near-octogenarians, it played with a sturdy and lively dignity that was most apparent in the long but continually absorbing ensemble passages and in the brief solos by Jack Willis, a trumpeter whose simple, classic playing had much of the no-nonsense lyricism of the trumpeting in the late thirties of Tommy Ladnier. Jack Teagarden also propped the evening up by performing in several numbers with an uneven group led by Red Allen, which included Buster Bailey and J. C. Higginbotham, and in doing so proved that he has retained all his calm, lissome ways of singing and playing. Then Kid Ory, the great New Orleans trombonist, joined the group, and, though seventy now, puffed his way through "Muskrat Ramble" and "High Society" as if he were merely cooling his soup.

The other evenings were equally fitful. On Friday, Bobby Hackett conducted a six-piece organization that used, in varying combinations, such instruments as the alto horn, tuba, baritone saxophone, clarinet, and vibraphone, and that attempted, largely through rich, arranged ensemble passages, to chart an intrepid course between small-band swing and the early cool recordings by Miles Davis and Gerry Mulligan. Their playing was impeccable, but the result was damaged by the amplification system, which not only added an otherworldly humming sound to the instruments but tended to magnify their sound individually in the ensemble parts instead of reproducing it collectively. Erroll Garner, that indomitable pianist, gave a spirited, professional performance, with rhythm accompaniment, and a unit composed of, among others, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Jo Jones, and Pete Brown, an alto saxophonist, was notable for the ringing, declarative work of Hawkins. They were succeeded by Stan Kenton's newest big band, which brayed at the moon for at least an hour. On Saturday night, after a sparkling, if glancing, appearance by Teddy Wilson's trio, the Gerry Mulligan Quartet (his assistants were Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Joe Benjamin, bass; and Dave Bailey, drums) put on a performance that, though excellent, was thin in comparison with the efforts of his recent and ingenious sextet. After its struggles with Miss Kitt and several inconclusive selections in which Mary Lou Williams, a masterly and semi-legendary pianist, was the soloist, Dizzy Gillespie's band roared raggedly on by itself and, at least in "School Days," sounded as if it really meant business. The final evening began—and to all intents and purposes ended—with the remarkable Jimmy Giuffre Trio (Giuffre, clarinet, tenor saxophone, and baritone saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Ralph Peña, bass), which, on top of absurdly having to provide quieting-down music for the late-arriving audience, was allowed approximately twenty minutes onstage.

Although the afternoon sessions were longer and even more heavily populated by musicians, they were occasionally delightful and once in a while magnificent. On Friday, Ruby Braff led an octet that included Pee Wee Russell, the trombonist Jimmy Welsh, and the pianist Nat Pierce through four pleasantly and simply arranged selections that offered exceptional solos by Braff and Russell; in "Nobody Else but You," Russell took a gentle, barely audible low-register solo that was the equal of any improvisation during the whole weekend. The following afternoon included short but characteristically impassioned performances by Eddie Costa, a young pianist who hammered out, with the help of a rhythm section, an exhilarating version of "Get Happy," and the Cecil Taylor Quartet (Taylor, piano; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Buell Neidlinger, bass; and Dennis Charles, drums), an atonal group whose complex and thoughtful dissonances seemed less cloistered and academic in the hot sun. The astonishing Farmingdale High School Dance Band, from Long Island, a fourteen-piece group whose average age was fourteen, ran through eight numbers that ranged from Basie's "Taps Miller" to an intricate modern piece, and did them all with an ardor, precision, and barefoot bounce that were irresistible. The principal soloist, an alto saxophonist named Andy Marsala, who is not related to the Marsala brothers, played—with a stone face—exactly as if he were Charlie Parker.

Sunday afternoon was given over to gospel singing. The first half of the concert involved the Clara Ward Singers, a lively but somewhat affected group; the Back Home Choir, a fifty-voice group that performed with volume and conviction; and the Drinkards, most of whose numbers were built around the swooping, majestic shouting—and fascinating bodily contortions—of Judy Guions, who sang with a fervor that was hair-raising. Then, Mahalia Jackson, the stately and inspired gospel singer, whose very presence on a stage is awesome, delivered well over a dozen selections, accompanied by piano and organ, with an unforgettable eloquence and honesty that led a swaying, front-row spectator to moan repeatedly, "Say it, 'Halia! That's right, say it now!"

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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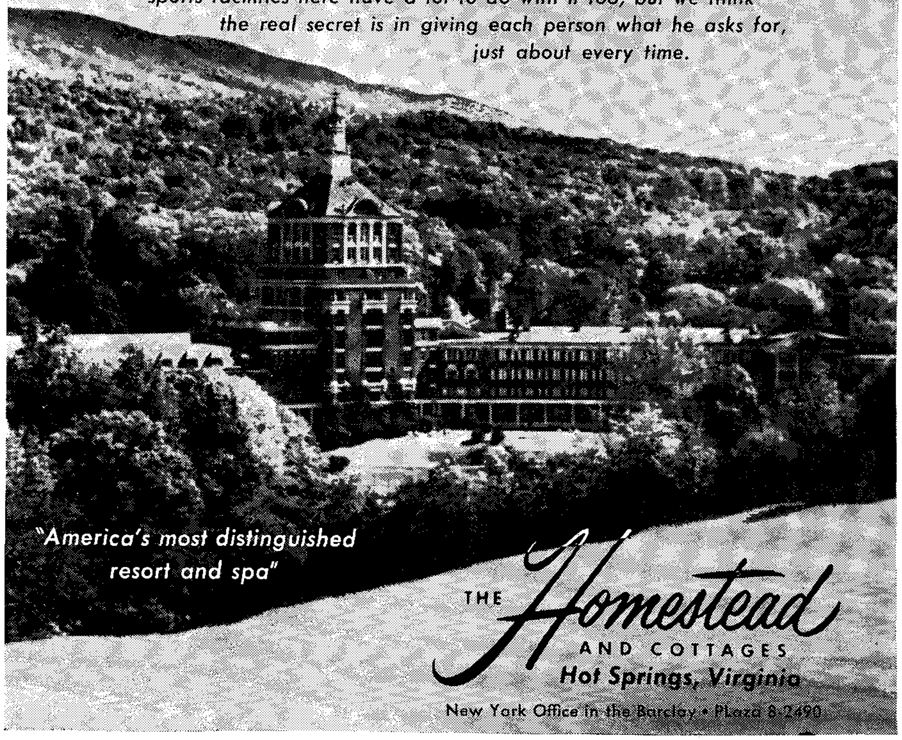

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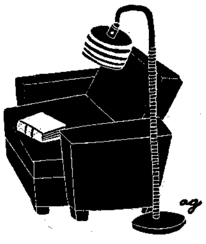
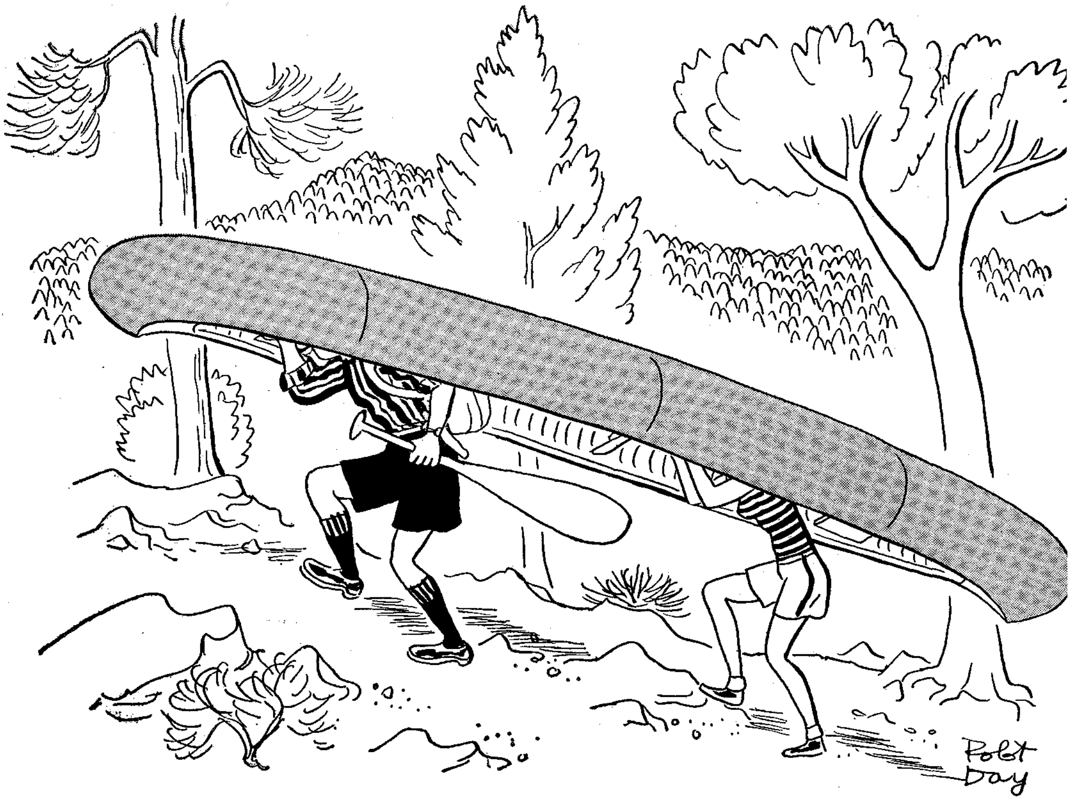


IN an amiable introduction to "Letters of James Joyce" (Viking), the editor, Stuart Gilbert, hints that we may find it as hard to make out the man behind the correspondence as we find it to make out the man behind the works. This warning, intended in the friendliest fashion to help bring Joyce and us together, in fact thrusts us apart; it puts us as readers nervously on guard against a difficulty that, with all respect to Mr. Gilbert, doesn't exist but that, in our eagerness to prove as diligent as the next one, we may keep looking for and perhaps in the end—the supreme diligence—ruefully boast of having encountered and been defeated by. Joyce has suffered from this enforced alienation in the name of mediation ever since the first well-armed scholars fell to flensing "Ulysses," nearly forty years ago. From that day to this, none of us have been able to approach Joyce, as we do other contemporary writers, in the intelligently simple-minded hope of taking pleasure in him on his own terms. Exegesis has obscured those terms in the very act of throwing more light on them, and the young reader starts by asking not "Will I enjoy Joyce?" but "Will I survive him?" The big brass gates of the Joyceworks are plastered with repellent signs: "SLOW DOWN. EXPLICATORS AT WORK. THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER." Yet just inside the gates stands Shem the Penman, mumming that we are to pay no attention to the signs—that a laughing matter is precisely what it is and that we've only to come along with him to discover that even a funeral can be fun for all.

So in picking up the "Letters" we do well to avoid all warnings and literary midwifery; here is the shy, prickly-proud, funny, anguished, unapproachable, but never perversely elusive man of genius who wrote "Dubliners" and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" and "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake;" either we admire him or we do not, and these four hundred-odd glimpses into his heart and mind will either give us many hours of delight and pain or they will give us nothing. They begin with the famous letter to Ibsen, written in March, 1901, when Joyce was nineteen, and end with a letter to the Mayor of Zurich, written in December, 1940, a few weeks before Joyce's death. (Characteristically, the letter to Ibsen was written in Norwegian, the letter to the Mayor in German; other letters in the collection were written in Italian and French. The teacher of language was ever an eager student of languages, and the skill with which he made English jump through hoops and roll over and play dead—demonstrating as he did so how much more life it had than anyone had supposed—was acquired partly in the course of mastering tricks of syntax and meaning in a dozen other tongues.) How boldly and delicately Joyce at nineteen contrives to establish himself as the peer of Ibsen at seventy-three! "I have sounded your name defiantly through the college where it was either unknown or known faintly and darkly. I have claimed for you your rightful place in the history of drama. . . . As one of the young generation for whom you have spoken I give you greeting—not humbly, because I am obscure and you in the glare, not sadly, because you are an old man and I am a young man, not presumptuously nor sentimentally—but joyfully, with hope and with love, I give you greeting." And how courteously Joyce at fifty-eight, now himself in the glare and growing old, contrives to establish himself as the peer of Zurich! "The connection between me and your hospitable city," he writes the Mayor, thanking him for having helped find a place of refuge for the Joyce family, "extends over a period of nearly forty years and in these painful times I feel highly honoured that I should owe my presence here in large part to the personal guaranty of Zurich's first citizen."

But these opening and closing letters are more or less public performances; the private letters, urgently asking favors or patiently offering explanations, are the true mocking, self-mocking, and nearly always invincibly self-assured Joyce. In June, 1904, he writes Gogarty, "I am still alive. Here is a more reasonable request. I am singing at a garden fête on Friday and if you have a decent suit to spare or a cricket shirt send it or them." Not in the least to our surprise, the letter is signed "Stephen Daedalus." To Constantine Curran, a



"It would never work out, Ralph. We haven't got enough in common."

month later, he sends a hurried postcard: "*Je serai à votre bureau demain. Suis dans un trou sanguinaire.* J.A.J." Within a year, the penniless young man, sick of finding himself in one bloody hole after another and his awareness of his talent all but shaking him to pieces, is off to the Continent with Nora Barnacle (they were not to be married until 1931, and then only "for testamentary reasons"), and the long work in progress that was indistinguishably his life and the lives of his books begins.

A critic in a recent issue of the London *Times* Literary Supplement sneered that Joyce was the author of books that became famous before they were written; the sneer is a tribute in spite of itself, for it calls attention to the fact that, as a pioneer, Joyce was simultaneously engaged in two prodigious struggles: to achieve a kind of writing unprecedented in breadth, depth, candor, and richness (not words merely recounting a thing at second hand but words being the thing at first hand), and to secure its publication. In the beginning—a beginning that lasted many dreary years—he was obliged to act as his own god, prophet, chronicler, and most loyal disciple, and every inch of the way to fame was not only precious to him as a man but necessary to him as a writer. Moreover, this hard-earned fame was cheerfully placed in jeopardy from one innovation to the next. If the work were to fail, then the life failed as well, for in the world's eyes, having made such demands on the world's time and attention, he was either an authentically great man or a mountebank. Like his formidable contemporaries Picasso, Chaplin, Wright, and Roosevelt, he had spurned, and would therefore be forbidden, the middle ground.

With so much at stake, and under the most appalling handicaps of ill-health and family trouble, there were times when Joyce approached the brink of self-pity, but always fastidiously he drew back, too proud to hear himself groan. And the pride itself alters as he grows older; step by step in the letters, we can mark how it turns into courage, how the diffident and abrasive young man learns to bare his heart as his hope of happiness dwindles. Years pass, fame accumulates, and for the first time we see clearly Joyce the son, husband, and father. Nearly blind now, never a day away from Nora, fussing over his son's career as a singer, mourning his father's death, blaming himself as his daughter slips little by little into madness, he stands before us in these letters of his later years as more and more poignantly the man whose voice we hear so softly

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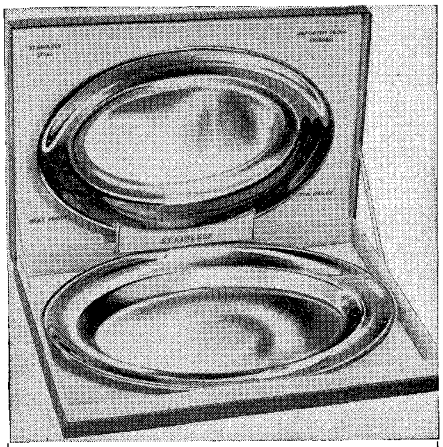

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sadly in the last pages of "Finnegans Wake": "I could have stayed up there for always only. It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Thinking always if I go all goes. . . . Auravoles, they says, never heed of your name! But I'm loothing them that's here and all I lothe. Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms." —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HOUSEFUL OF LOVE, by Marjorie Housepian (Random House). This neat, cheerful book—fiction with a strong overtone of fact—deals with the narrator's life as a member of a huge Armenian family which, in 1929, lived in the neighborhood of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, and included, among others, a bellowing, mustachioed uncle; an affectionate, three-hundred-pound female cousin from Newark; a semi-legendary uncle who had made a fortune in the dry-cleaning business in Council Bluffs; and a ninety-seven-year-old matriarch. There is not a pretentious or solemn line in it.

THE LOVE-SEEKERS, by Leonora Hornblow (Random House). A piece of silky entertainment about an interior decorator named Letty Brandley and a lawyer named Lewis Medburn, who plan to get married but run into unexpected trouble when Lewis goes to California to ask his wife for a divorce and Letty encounters a night-club owner she once had an affair with. These difficulties are serious enough; but since both people are extremely lucky (marvellously appropriate clothes for all occasions, presentable relatives, well-heeled friends, permanently reserved tables at favorite restaurants), the reader can't help feeling that everything will turn out all right—and it does.

THE FLOWER DRUM SONG, by C. Y. Lee (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Mr. Lee writes about timeless things—ancient customs vs. new

the world over . . .
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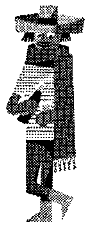

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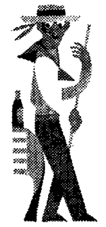

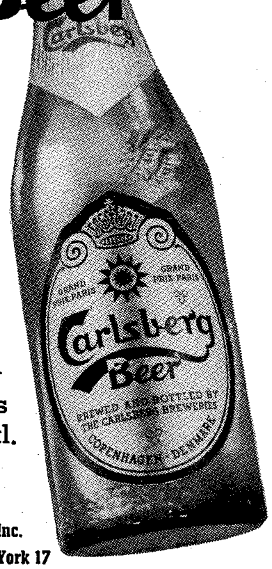

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ones, the older generation vs. the younger—in a clear, occasionally funny ("He disliked sofas; sitting on a sofa often made him feel as if he were sitting in the arms of a fat woman"), and often rather touching way. The setting is San Francisco's Chinatown, and some of the people are Old Master Wang, a Chinese patriarch who has recently fled from the Communists; his sister-in-law, Mme. Tang; and his two young sons, Wang Ta and Wang San. A small part of the book originally appeared in this magazine in somewhat different form.

The Nine Mile Circle, by Pati Hill (Houghton Mifflin). An evocation—as pale and oblique as dawn—of a summer spent in a small Southern town in the thirties by two teen-age girls, who seem to glide like fish around and between the various adults they are involved with. Miss Hill writes in a kind of stiff drawl.

GENERAL

Operation Sea Lion, by Peter Fleming (Simon & Schuster). A history of Hitler's Directive No. 16—its equivocal origin, its enormous consequences, and its eventual surreptitious cancellation. This was the order, issued on July 16, 1940, in which the Führer and Supreme Commander of the German armed forces announced his decision "to begin to prepare for, and, if necessary, to carry out, an invasion of England." Since Sea Lion (the code name given to the operation) was essentially a chimera—never attempted, and, in fact, no more than halfheartedly mounted—it might be supposed that Mr. Fleming has set himself an unrewarding, if not an impossible, task, and it is true that his study, as a narrative, is somewhat dimmed throughout by the shadow of anticlimax. But if Sea Lion itself never emerged as a reality, its impact was real enough, for, as Mr. Fleming makes altogether clear, the possibility of invasion wrenched Britain from the apathy of defeat into a fury of self-preservation that decisively influenced the outcome of the war. By centering our attention on this transformation, with its accompaniment of brilliance, bravery, and burlesque, he carries us with him, enthralled and shattered, to the end. Photographs, contemporary cartoons, and an endpaper map. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

The Interplay of East and West, by Barbara Ward (Norton). This

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Promising all downhill roads seems to us something like predicting that the stock market will always go up. Over the long pull, measuring time by decades, it probably will. At least it has in the past, and there seems to be no reason to think our economy won't go on expanding. But there will be ups and downs in the meantime—of that you may be sure.

The course of the stock market, like the course of true love, never did run smooth.

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book is made up of three lectures given at McGill University in 1955. As delivered by Miss Ward, they may well have been fun to hear, but they are not great fun to read, being like a long editorial—abstract, wordy, and often trite, though just about unexceptionable. Miss Ward discusses the history of East-West relations and the nature of our current world crisis. "The task," she says at one point, ". . . is to devise those institutions—they can be minimum institutions—which transcend national sovereignty sufficiently to give mankind a form of general political order without which we are all but certain to plunge into totally destructive war." After a hundred and thirty-five pages of such dissertation, she closes with her main point—that world unity, and a higher level of consciousness, may finally be achieved through a general return, or advance, to a "religious view of man," which she believes is endemic in humanity despite signs to the contrary. She puts up good arguments for this point, and one can hardly take issue with her, since she is on the side of the angels. The only flaw is her presentation, which is so gray and tepid that one almost longs for the hot red bang of intemperateness.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AN AIR THAT KILLS, by Margaret Millar (Random House). When Ron vanishes in his Cadillac convertible, none of his friends is prepared to suggest dirty work, even though his relations with women weren't quite all they might have been. However, after his body is found in the water at the foot of a cliff, a lot of people start behaving rather oddly, and the outlines of a remarkably elaborate plot begin to appear. Mrs. Millar has written more satisfactory books—notably a fascinating one called "Beast in View"—but her conclusion is really surprising and wonderfully ingenious, and that may easily be reward enough.

•

This column was in error in stating that one director General Electric is a director of Metropolitan Life. Two are directors. Philip Reed, GE chairman of Coca-Cola, is a director of both General Electric and Metropolitan American flags for Flag Day—free. Only trouble was that a lot of people didn't have any flags to be cleaned. —*Drew Pearson in the Bluefield* (*W.Va.*) *Telegraph.*

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Strike up a friendship with new **PARLIAMENT**

WIFE:	*Check! Your move, dear.*
HUSBAND:	*Have a cigarette, friend. New Parliament. Darn good smoke.*
WIFE:	*Check!*
KIBITZER:	*Well, I . . . thanks. Good-looking box. I like that recessed filter.*
HUSBAND:	*Sure, try 'em. They use more expensive tobaccos, too. You can tell.*
WIFE:	*Check! It's still your move, dear.*

More expensive tobaccos . . . you can tell by the flavor!
Parliament
FILTER MOUTHPIECE
BENSON & HEDGES NEW YORK
Parliament

The filter's right where it belongs
recessed to keep it away from your lips!

NEW LOW PRICE